Michael Harrington's Sermon *D. W. Brogan*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

July 24, 1965, 35 cents

Santo Domingo

Juan Bosch on the Dominican Revolution

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DO YOU KNOW.....

How many hours a week the right-wing spokesmen occupy the air waves with their propaganda?

(Over 10,000 such broadcasts a week take up more than 2,500 hours of radio and television time.)

What's happened to the revenues of the John Birch Society in the past year?

(In 1964 they doubled, to $3.2 million. In 1965 they are expected to reach over $6 million. They are trying to raise $12 million for the 1966 Congressional elections.)

About the secret, private armies, equipped with rifles, machine guns, mortars, hand grenades and other weapons that regularly meet and drill?

(Just recently a cache of arms and a secret drill ground of the Minutemen, a group preparing for guerilla warfare, was disclosed less than 50 miles from Washington, D.C.)

What "respectable" organizations serve as fronts for organizations like the John Birch Society and similar groups?

(The "interlocking directorates" of right-wing organizations are complex. For instance, the John Birch Society urges members to organize groups under the banner of "support your local police" and sponsors about 200 "American Opinion Libraries.")

What pressure was brought on a business corporation that sponsored a television show on the United Nations Childrens Emergency Fund?

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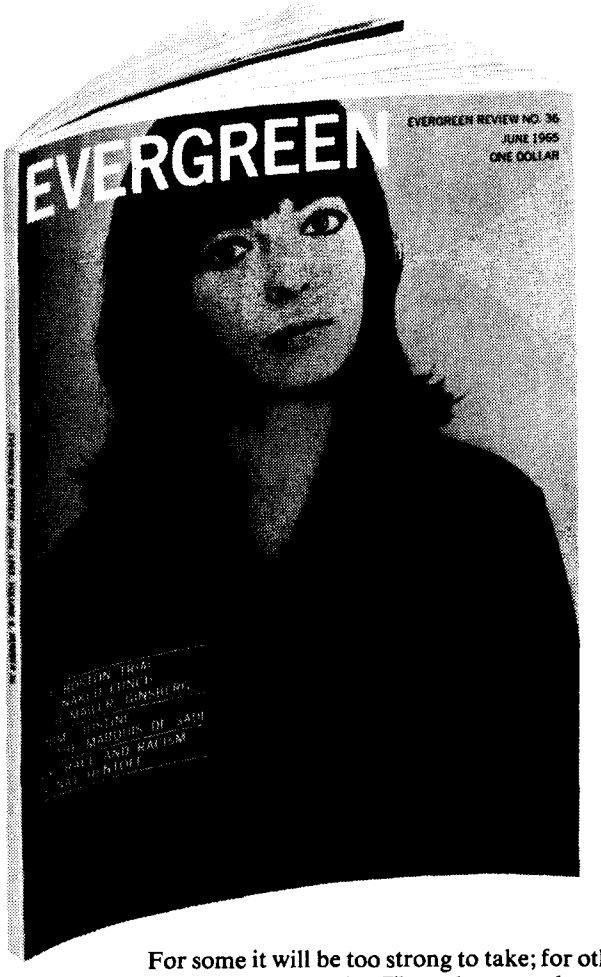

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Negro Breakdown

★ This is a difficult column to write. Perhaps the best way to begin is to go back a bit, to Lincoln's Second Inaugural, the one that says "with malice toward none, with charity for all." Lincoln was telling the South – and the North, too – that maybe the awful war was God's punishment for what white men had done to Negroes. "The woe due to those by whom the offense came," Lincoln put it.

As this is written the House is passing the civil rights bill, and it should be law before long. It will help to get political rights for the Negro. Splendid. But the problem goes deeper than that. It is a social problem. And you can't help thinking of retribution in the sense that Lincoln meant it as you survey the damage that past evil has wrought.

Americans aren't willing to face it yet but, in this year BBC (Before Birth Control), there is what Theodore White calls "biological anarchy" in the big city slums. These slums are becoming more and more Negro ghettos. A characteristic of these is illegitimacy and, above all, the breakdown of the family.

Mr. Johnson had the courage, in his speech at Howard University last June, to face this alarming problem, and he was the first President to do it. "The breakdown of the Negro family structure" he called it. It flows, he continued, "from centuries of oppression and persecution of the Negro man." He offered statistics. Less than half of all Negro children, he said, reach 18 having lived with both parents. A majority of Negro children live in families that receive public assistance. He noted that "when the family collapses the child is usually damaged."

But what harm does it do to the whites to pen Negroes in ghettos and let their children rot on the streets? Lincoln knew the answer; the woe due to those by whom the offense came. The fact is, I believe, that the penalty is here already, but few besides the President and anxious social workers understand it.

In chapters on the Negro in the 1964 election in Ted White's remarkable new book, he gives two sets of statistics. One shows that the great cities of America are becoming Negro cities (while the whites retreat to the suburbs). The second shows the family collapse and biological anarchy within these ghettos. Is one a racist to dwell on this? Of course not, though the fear of being called one makes one hesitate to discuss it. The worst victim is the decent Negro family, trying to survive.

The Negro urban birthrate, in short, is 40 percent higher than the white rate. A population explosion is taking place in the black ghetto. Arithmetical projections point to Negro majorities in 15 years in Detroit, Cleveland, Baltimore, Chicago and St. Louis, besides Washington where it now exists. In 10 years more, White says, these trends, *if unchanged*, will give seven of America's 10 largest cities Negro majorities. These cities will be noosed by white suburbs.

Does the new Civil Rights Act cure this? No. In these cities Negroes mostly have the vote already; the vote won't restore a family that has already collapsed from want of job, house and opportunity. Mr. Johnson at Howard University referred to "this American failure." He gave statistics, too (everyone has statistics!) In 1948, he said, the rate of unemployment for Negro boys was actually less than for whites. But the Negroes have been going downhill. "By last year it had grown to 23 percent, as against 13 for whites," he said.

Fatherless World

★ Well, let's get to the second point, what Ted White calls "the biological potential of the despairing Negro for upsetting the entire course of American urban civilization." For the nation as a whole Negroes bear 10 times as many babies out of wedlock as do whites. When Kennedy was elected in 1960, White says, "one of 10 Americans was nonwhite. Today, one of nine is nonwhite. When Johnson's Presidency ends in 1972, one of eight will be nonwhite. Today, one of seven American children under 14 is nonwhite; of infants under a year, one in six."

The children in these ghettos live in a fatherless world. They live in a sort of subculture, where they infect each other with the virus of failure. They are intellectually, aesthetically, economically and morally deprived in the richest nation on earth. In these zoological tenements crime and vice and anarchy look out with careless eyes.

If Dirksen Goes

★ We are glad that Everett Dirksen, that delightful man, is back from the hospital again, though we deplore his proposed amendment to destroy the one-man, one-vote decision. He is Senate minority leader and if a vacancy should occur in the post, the Republicans would be in further trouble. They are splintering just as the Democrats did in the past. From 1896 to 1916, the Republicans had a voting preference of around 54 percent, which is about what the Democrats have now (if allowance is made for the lower ratio of Democrats to Republicans who actually take the trouble to vote).

The Democrats splintered in their dark years – Socialists, Farmer-Laborites, Progressives, Independents – they all weakened still further the crippled minority. If Senator Dirksen should give up his leadership the GOP feudists would be at it immediately. Senator Kuchel, Calif., would theoretically take over; he is the assistant leader. But he is a liberal and sat out the Goldwater madness. There would almost certainly be a conservative drive to elevate Bourke Hickenlooper, the Bricker-type Iowan. It would be goodbye to Dirksen's cooperation on foreign affairs; Hickenlooper's views are like those of GOP leaders Ford and Laird, the nuclear-bomb twirlers of the House.

★ *Notes:* We are delighted to see the depletion allowance, granddaddy of all tax loopholes, now widened to include "natural deposits" of water, in a Texas decision; it already includes oil, gas, ore, sand and clamshells and if it gets silly enough maybe someday it will be reformed.

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Adlai Stevenson

"This must be the context of our thinking—the context of human interdependence in the face of the vast new dimensions of our science and our discovery. Just as Europe could never again be the old closed-in community after the voyages of Columbus, we can never again be a squabbling band of nations before the awful majesty of outer space." That quotation from his speech at Geneva on July 9, the last that he made, may well serve as the obituary of Adlai Ewing Stevenson.

What to most of us appear as mighty confrontations of power, he could see as the "squabbling" of nations "before the awful majesty of outer space." It is a reduction to absurdity of the ideologies, the dogmas, the so-called immortal principles which men use as excuses for cutting one another's throats and ravaging with fire and steel the planet on which all must live. It suggests that the conquest, or even the destruction of the terrestrial globe may be a triviality that the high gods hold in derision.

To attain such a view a man must be either a supreme cynic or imbued with a faith that escapes the comprehension of men of more modest capacity. Cynicism, however, is not impressed by "the vast dimensions of our science and our discovery." This leaves faith as the only explanation of the power of Adlai Stevenson.

This explanation of him is extraordinary, certainly, but not unprecedented in the experience of Americans. On the contrary, every great leader in our history has possessed faith in a principle of moral and intellectual development analogous to the biological process of growth, not as the endowment of an elite, but as a potential of all mankind.

This is not, as the scornful assert, the theory of human perfectibility. It is the theory that human improvement is subject only to the mathematical law of the limited series that may forever approach without ever attaining unity. Without this faith Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln would be inexplicable; with it, the obscure and humble have faced life and death steadily and undismayed.

Adlai E. Stevenson was honorable, wise and witty. Any one of those traits would have made him distinctive. Together, they made him distinguished. He was a political liberal, but his liberalism was not so much a studied philosophy as the resultant of the countervailing forces of his faith in his fellow men, and the sharp perception of reality that we term common sense. This balance is distasteful to

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fanatics on both left and right, but it fascinated moderates, who felt that they were understood and appreciated.

Mr. Stevenson qualified under the schoolboy's immortal definition of a friend: He knew all about us, and he liked us anyhow—more, he had faith in us anyhow. Thus he gave us the inestimable gift of faith in ourselves; and for this largesse we mourn him as few Americans have been mourned by this generation.

The Auto Safety Inquiry

Last week Senator Ribicoff brought in top executives from Detroit to find out what the government needs to do to help get automobiles more safely designed. It was a hollow show as the matter was already virtually decided some time ago behind closed doors at the General Services Administration. Since last fall the GSA, the government's purchasing agent, has struggled to work out the details of a new law which requires it to set safety standards for the 60,000 motor vehicles the government buys every year. By now it is rather generally assumed that rising interest in auto safety design will pressure manufacturers into adopting these standards for all automobiles.

As it turns out, however, the auto people pretty much wrote their own standards, which ironically may help them raise automobile prices while making scarcely a dent in the problem of developing a safer car. Most of the additions they intend to make in the name of safety on 1967 government cars represent simply inclusion of equipment they now sell as optional. Some of these, like dual brakes and safety door latches, are important. But on major issues of design the GSA caved in to the industry.

Among the most dangerous features of the automobile is the steering wheel, which in a crash can ram back, skewering the driver. This is a leading cause of injury.The problem is to develop a steering column that does not come back on impact. After collecting a wealth of scientific advice, the GSA asked in May that rearward movement of the steering column be limited to zero to 2 inches at an impact of 30 miles an hour. After trips to Detroit and high-pressure lobbying by the industry, this was watered down to a rearward movement of a maximum of five inches at 20 miles an hour. This is meaningless because what matters is rearward movement at 60 or more miles an hour.

The various knobs and objects that protrude from the instrument panel are another major source of injury in accidents. Although the GSA was presented with technical data showing in precise terms the possible danger from different kinds of instrument panels, it gave in again to Detroit and instead of writing specifications it put together a hazy statement about more padding on dashboards.

Not surprisingly, the manufacturers believe they can live with these minor innovations, although Ford at one point even resisted setting bumpers at a standard height. Ford claimed that bumpers had little to do with safety.

General Motors already has announced that all its cars will carry 13 of the GSA's 17 safety features in 1967. Six of the features are new and will include rear seat belts, padded instrument panel and padded sun visor, back-up lights, outside rear-view mirror and two-speed windshield wipers and washers. The company would not say whether these added features will increase the cost of the car. But it seems quite likely that auto manufacturers, pointing to GSA, can install the various gadgets which are now sold as optional on all cars, and jack the prices accordingly. This would bring them back to where they were before the excise-tax cut. The companies, of course, will claim that the gadgets cost them more money. They have not yet disclosed the actual cost.

Mr. Frederic G. Donner, chairman of General Motors, took the usual Detroit line at the Ribicoff hearings. He said on the one hand that no one knew what caused automobile accidents, and as an indication of GM's interest in finding out, he announced a $1-million research grant to MIT. Having said all this in a tone of profound concern, Donner turned right around and, quoting a study done by the National Safety Council, claimed that 90 percent of all accidents are the fault of the driver. When Senator Robert Kennedy pressed him to give the total amount of money GM spends on accident and safety design research, neither Mr. Donner nor any of his corporate wizards knew the answer.

In a separate development, the number of damage suits charging faulty design in the Corvair, the GM compact, has mounted from 20 last September to more than 100. In one of them Chicago circuit court judge Nicholas J. Bua recently issued a default judgment holding GM liable for damage because the company refused to comply with a court order and make available test and engineering information to opposing attorneys. The amount of the damages will be fixed by trial.

Two other suits are now being tried. One in San Jose, Calif., is in its sixth week. Mrs. Doreen Collins charges that in September of 1962, she was driving a 1960 Corvair near Merced, Calif., when it suddenly fishtailed three times and went out of control, crashing head-on into a truck and killing her daughter and another passenger. She is asking $400,000 in damages. Attorneys for Mrs. Collins have brought on a racing driver and highway patrol experts, and introduced various patent information in support of their contention

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that the design of the Corvair is unsafe.

The company denies the charges, and last week it flew in Stirling Moss, the racing driver, to testify in behalf of the Corvair's performance.

The Apparatchik

JOIN is the community union organized by the Students for a Democratic Society in a "poor white" neighborhood on Chicago's North Side. Like the dozen other SDS community action projects in Northern cities, JOIN ("Jobs Or Income—Now") members try to force public attention, and political relief, on the most pressing problems of slum-living: housing, police harassment, and the depressingly unsympathetic quality of welfare programs upon which almost every family relies.

One day last month, 15 JOIN members traipsed to a Chicago welfare office to help Mrs. Dorothy Perez, one of their number, get back payments on her welfare allotment, which had been blocked in what she thought was a bureaucratic error. After some explanation, the welfare *apparatchik* in charge agreed that a mistake had been made (the director said later that the case worker "forgot about a new law" which was passed in 1963), but Mrs. Perez could not get full retroactive payments.

"Why not?" Mrs. Perez asked.

"There's a rule," said the *apparatchik*.

"Let me see the rule," Mrs. Perez rejoined.

"There's a rule against seeing the rule," the *apparatchik* returned.

Upon which, Mrs. Perez and three SDS staff workers sat-in, until they were arrested and carted off to jail by police.

The next day, a larger JOIN delegation picketed the welfare office. The director (who had not been in the office the previous day) agreed that Mrs. Perez was due the back payments. He defended the *apparatchik:* The rules which Mrs. Perez had asked to see were too "difficult for her to read." But thereafter, welfare workers began to show measurably more sympathy toward welfare recipients, although the charges against the four sit-ins were not dropped. They got $200 fines or 40 days in prison, the maximum sentence. They have not been able to raise $800, but the case is on appeal and the four are, for a while, free.

Even the welfare director, who has nothing but contempt for the JOIN staff ("you can't tell me that's not just a simulated poverty act. . . .") was unnerved by the stiff sentences. But the troubles had only begun. Twelve hours after the picketing, the JOIN staff apartment was raided by plainclothes police (without a search warrant), 11 staff members were arrested for being inmates of a "disorderly house," and two for "possession of dangerous drugs," which may or may not have been prescription sedatives, but were not narcotics.

Community organizers are on trial in Newark, N. J., in Cairo, Ill., and police harassment goes on wherever they are at work. In Cleveland, the local police "Red Squad" sends agents daily to snoop around the SDS project apartment. It is annoying, and could be crippling to the slow, painful process of building community pressure groups, but in a way it makes the organizers happy. They know they have gotten through to the *apparatchiks*.

Argumentum Ad Ridiculum

Each year for the past 66 years the Senate has taken it upon itself to print at public expense the annual report of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Publishing the short document doesn't really cost very much – only about $2,500 – and breaking the long-standing tradition would seem to some Senators a little like suddenly renouncing God and Mother.

This year, however, a resolution to print the report *was* challenged, but not for reasons of fiscal responsibility or anti-patriotism. Senator Clark of Pennsylvania said he thought that the Senate was not being generous enough. If we print the annual report of the DAR, he reasoned, does it not follow that we should extend the same gesture to the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, the Scots Wha Hae, the John Birch Society and the Girl Scouts of America? So Clark offered an amendment which would print the annual reports of all these groups "at government expense, regardless of length or content." When Senator Bartlett of Alaska pointed out that Clark had forgotten to include on his list the Pioneers of Alaska and the Alaska Native Sisterhood, Clark obligingly amended his amendment.

All of this rather rankled with proponents of the resolution, who sensed satire in Clark's argument. Senator Scott of Pennsylvania called the amendment a case of "argumentum ad ridiculum" and said it was an attempt by "far liberal leftwingers" to mock the DAR. Not so, insisted Bartlett: "The Daughters of the American Revolution is a fine, patriotic organization. I am sure that we all are aware of it and that the entire country is aware of it also. I know personally from attending one of their conventions and hearing a highly patriotic and moving speech by Dan Smoot."

Senator Neuberger of Oregon thought it might be a good idea to get a copy of the actual report and find out what it was all about. It read, she said, like the minutes of her sorority. Senator Young of Ohio was more direct: "a great deal of drivel," he said. All of this talk was just too much for Senator Lausche of Ohio,

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who supported the resolution but thought the whole thing had "been assigned a dignity and character never before given to any measure since I came to the Senate." The discussion finally proved to be enough for the other Senators too. They passed the resolution, without the Clark amendment, by a vote of 64 to 9. The annual report of the DAR will again have a Senate imprimatur. And, lest anyone worry what's going to happen to the Girl Scouts, printing their report is a tradition of the House of Representatives.

House and Senate Voting Bills

The voting rights bill passed by the House on Friday, July 9, differs from the bill passed by the Senate in that it bans the poll tax (the Senate version does not, but proposes to submit the issue to litigation), and fails to do anything about Puerto Ricans in New York who are literate in Spanish but not in English, and hence cannot vote (the Senate version enfranchises them). These and other differences of a somewhat more technical nature will require that the bill go to a conference committee.

For reasons previously discussed in these pages, having to do with the doubtful constitutionality rather than the desirability of these provisions, it would be well if the views of the Senate were to prevail on the poll tax and those of the House on Puerto Rican voting. Because of constitutional doubts, the Administration has heretofore opposed a flat ban on the poll tax, and if it maintains its opposition it may carry the day in the conference committee. The amendment enfranchising Puerto Ricans is acceptable to the Administration and was agreeable to the managers of the bill in the House. Indeed it was passed in the House once, and then narrowly lost on a second vote. In view of this history, perhaps the conference committee will put it back in.

The House bill uses a somewhat different triggering device than does the Senate bill for determining when literacy and other tests are to be suspended, and federal examiners sent into a state. Under both versions, the critical fact is that fewer than 50 percent of eligible voters in a state or county registered or voted in November 1964. But the Senate version would suspend tests and authorize the installation of examiners only in states or counties where more than 20 percent of the voting-age population was nonwhite according to the 1960 census. Geographically the difference is simply that the House version would cover the entire state of Virginia, whereas the Senate version would cover only a number of counties in that state. In addition, the Senate – but not the House – version would authorize sending examiners to any county anywhere where fewer than 25 percent of the total number of Negroes are registered – regardless of whether more or less than 50 percent of the voting age population is registered or voted. Thus some counties in Texas and Florida, for example, might come to be covered. The Senate version is both more comprehensive and more rational than the House provision.

Finally, again by reversing itself after having voted the other way once, the House rejected an amendment inserted into the Senate bill by Senator Long of Louisiana and proposed in the House by Representative Boggs of Louisiana, which would prohibit sending examiners to any county that can prove in court that it has registered 50 percent of its Negroes without discrimination. In introducing this amendment, Senator Long and Representative Boggs pointed out that there are counties in states covered by the bill which are themselves entirely free of discriminatory practices. It is extremely unlikely that any Attorney General would send federal examiners down to such a county, but the amendment was intended to make sure. It is duly safeguarded, requiring court proceedings, and seems unexceptionable. It can be opposed only out of an altogether excessive caution, and to oppose it is to give some color to accusations that the Voting Rights Act of 1965 is a vindictive measure. As it is no part of wisdom to provide fuel for Southern demagogues, the conference would be well-advised to include the Long-Boggs amendment in the final version of the bill.

Alexander M. Bickel

Ryan and Lindsay

In New York's tangled summer politics the most interesting event of the past few weeks has been the emergence of Congressman William F. Ryan as a genuine contender in the Democratic mayoralty stakes. Since 1957, the date of his first Manhattan contest, Ryan has commanded the devoted support of the Democratic reformers on Manhattan's West Side. But by winning the endorsement of the city-wide Committee for Democratic Voters he has become the candidate of reformers in all the boroughs. The *New York Post* said on July 9, "his presence in the Democratic primary contest offers promise that real issues will be vigorously and forthrightly aired." In November the most interesting confrontation would be between Ryan and Lindsay, both young enough at 43 to separate themselves from the generation which has been running city affairs, both plausibly committed to the proposition (which is doubted by many) that the City of New York really can be governed.

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More or less as usual, the odds are against Ryan. His chances depend on his capacity to evoke the political excitement which is an astonishingly effective substitute for money and organization support. The facts of Ryan's career imply that he might turn the trick. After seven years in Hogan's office as an assistant district attorney, Ryan ran for district leader against a strong Tammany organization in the Columbia University area. After three-and-a-half years in this unpaid party office he displaced a Tammany Democrat, Congressman Ludwig Teller, in a wild primary. When his political enemies thoughtfully redistricted his area in preparation for the 1962 election, he trounced a second incumbent Democratic regular in the primary and proceeded in the general election to retain his seat by a huge plurality.

Ryan is a political maverick with three major virtues. The first is a capacity to win elections. Running against well-entrenched and well-financed opponents, his ability to attract the enthusiastic young has compensated for his own scarcity of money. A second virtue is an intimate knowledge of city affairs, stretching over 15 years. Any DA's office is a fine place to inspect the seamy side of the city. Ryan wound up his service in the Rackets Bureau, where he had the chance to sniff the odor of municipal corruption at its gamiest. As district leader in an area about equally afflicted by slums and urban renewal, he handled on a case-by-case basis the range of problems which afflicted his constituents – everything from welfare eligibility to personal safety. As a congressman, he has made his local office a center of community services and, unlike some other New York City congressmen, has kept in touch with city issues and taken public positions on such touchy matters as the civilian review board and the lower Manhattan expressway.

Ryan is a born independent – his third major quality. He has helped make the west side of Manhattan a reform stronghold. In Congress, Ryan led the effort to deny funds to the House Un-American Activities Committee. (Lindsay was critical of the Committee's activities but voted for its appropriations.) Ryan opposed private ownership of the communications satellite, and has kept alive the challenge to the seating of the five Mississippi congressmen. He was one of only seven congressmen (Lindsay not among them) who voted against the President's Vietnam appropriation.

ROBERT LEKACHMAN

The Salad Oil Mystery

by Murray Kempton

Anthony De Angelis does not seem to have taken advantage of anyone who did not hope in the most ethical way possible to take advantage of him. Still, by December of 1963, when he had run his course as our grandest exporter of salad oil, $200 million was missing under circumstances that could only be called a swindle.

De Angelis had brought down with him the substantial Wall Street brokerage firm of Ira Haupt and Company and 17 lesser companies. He had left the American Express Company embarrassed with claims of $100 million against forged or otherwise worthless security. He called himself – and must even have thought himself – a business failure. But in the end he had to plead guilty to circulating $34 million in forged warehouse receipts to support his credit in the commodities market.

At the end of May, Judge Reynier J. Wortendyke of the United States District Court for northern New Jersey looked down at the tubby little figure at the bar before him and was reminded of the American dream. "It seems to me, as I look back on our history," Judge Wortendyke said, "that the freedom of individual enterprise, which our democracy accords to anyone who has courage and is willing to work, probably exists nowhere else in the world and is responsible for the gigantic achievements of businesses which have started from modest beginnings and have reached magnitudes beyond the comprehension of the average individual." And he added: "All of these events are conclusive proof that we have a workable democracy, and God grant that it continues, and you yourself, Mr. De

These reflections on the fall and survival of Anthony De Angelis are drawn heavily from the work of Norman Miller, of the Wall Street Journal, *which earned him last year's Pulitzer Prize and will be splendidly and lucidly preserved in* The Great Salad Oil Scandal, *to be published by Coward-McCann in September.*

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Angelis, have exemplified what can be achieved with only limited backing, without influence, by courage and wisdom . . . I am convinced . . . that you did not start out to nor did you at any point in your career to date intentionally desire to deprive anyone of a dollar."

The sentence then would be ten years. But Judge Wortendyke told the defendant that he would be brought back at the end of July for reconsideration.

De Angelis seemed already contrite and, if he occupied the next three months assisting the solution of the mystery of his fall, he might well expect then to be released. De Angelis paused on his way to Lewisburg to tell reporters how gratifying it was to have the judge take him at his own valuation.

But then Anthony De Angelis has always been like Blanche Dubois, dependent on the kindness of strangers. Judge Wortendyke's kindness, like that of all the others, seems to have been part sentiment and part expectation of profit, in this case, of course, profit for society rather than for self. The government plainly hoped that, in exchange for mercy, Anthony De Angelis would yield up the names, certainly mysterious and possibly nonexistent, of any partners he might have had in his defalcations. So De Angelis had for a little while again established credit, and again respectable people will wait awhile to find whether it has been secured by prosperity that is really his.

When he crashed, De Angelis was the country's major supplier of vegetable oils for export. He held title to 80 percent of its cotton oil futures. He had ascended this height with credit secured by $175 million worth of warehousing receipts certifying his possession of vegetable oils which did not exist.

The trust and confidence De Angelis inspired to that extreme limit cannot be explained by special purity of prior performance. He had begun as a hog butcher in the Bronx; and had his own slaughterhouse by 1938 when he was only 23. By 1949, De Angelis was president and controlling stockholder of the Adolph Gobel Company, a New Jersey meatpacker.

Gobel's was in trouble almost at once because the government claimed various irregularities in delivery of 18 million pounds of smoked meat contracted for the federal school lunch program. De Angelis settled the government's claim for $100,000 and was almost immediately in trouble again on Security and Exchange Commission complaints that Gobel's had willfully understated its 1952 net loss in a report to its stockholders, a discrepancy for which De Angelis was later tried as a suborner of perjury and acquitted.

Gobel's went bankrupt in 1953 and De Angelis turned to his other companies. In 1955, he discovered the "Food for Peace" program and organized the Allied Crude Vegetable Oil Refining Company, which would buy oil in the Midwest, ship it to Bayonne, refine it and then sell it to the New York export companies for shipment abroad.

Exporters like the Bunge Company and Continental Grain were delighted with the service, because Allied carried the burden of rail freight costs while paying the highest prices on the Midwest crude oil market and selling its refined product as the lowest bidder to its customers. De Angelis was also a profitable debtor, and they were glad to lend him most of the capital he needed to begin. There seems to have been some curiosity in the trade about just how De Angelis could balance his budget while buying high and selling low. Some of his customer-backers decided that he must be in the Mafia, a supposition advantageous to any businessman.

Long afterwards, an officer in one of De Angelis' largest company customers was to tell Norman Miller, the major historian of his fortunes: "We figured that Tino De Angelis himself might have planted the rumor that he was in Cosa Nostra," he said. "If he was backed by that kind of money, we would have known that he was good for all he owed us."

Food for Peace

Over the next five years, De Angelis fattened without quite ever abandoning his old fiscal and commercial habits. Two New York banks regretfully closed Allied's account even though it was "excellent from an earning point of view" – because of too frequent overdrafts. In 1958, Allied was sued by the government for having wrongly collected $1.2 million in Agriculture Department funds on a shipment of soybean oil to Spain. After three years of useless legal effort, the Agriculture Department suspended De Angelis from further participation in the Food for Peace program; this, of course, was his life's blood and he quickly paid the government $1.5 million to settle the claim and be released from suspension. Immediately thereafter, he was awarded a contract to ship 347 million pounds of vegetable oils and shortening which the Agriculture Department was sending abroad for distribution by private relief agencies. De Angelis appears to have cut his costs by packing the shipment in lightweight containers, which leaked so lamentably that much of his oil came rancid to port, and the Catholic Relief Service in Bombay reported that "the coolies" refused to transport it further. Senator Williams of Delaware complained to the Senate that De Angelis was "disreputable" and his $70 million shipment "worthless."

Still it cannot truly be said that De Angelis had especially debased the standards that prevail among surplus-food exporters. In 1960, a congressional committee investigating the Commodity Export program reported: "Three members of the committee advising

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the Department of Agriculture on cotton export policy were indicted for alleged collusion in purchases of government cotton. A member of the advisory committee on grain exports served while under indictment for allegedly defrauding the government in grain export transactions."

So then nothing in De Angelis' present and only one thing in his past set any limit on his expansion. But that one cloud was not a small one; he had been president of Adolph Gobel when it had gone bankrupt and banks are slow to lend money to a firm whose operating head has had a previous experience in bankruptcy. But by 1957, De Angelis had found a way to cast off this solitary inhibition. His export customers agreed to borrow from their banks for Allied if De Angelis would give them the collateral of warehouse receipts on the inventory in his storage bins in Bayonne. They would take any receipts certified by a reputable warehousing company.

De Angelis found the Field Warehousing subsidiary of American Express. It was a fortunate stroke; American Express's name was majestic and its Field Warehouse operation desperate, being the only subsidiary which was losing money and full therefore of the fear and cupidity to which poor relations are susceptible.

Donald Miller, American Express Field Warehousing's president, read De Angelis' Dun and Bradstreet report, but his hunger was not abated by its revelation that his prospect had been a bankrupt and was subject to a $1.5 million government suit for unpaid income taxes. The First National Bank told Miller that, while it could not, of course, lend De Angelis money, he was a satisfactory customer. And too, Miller could grasp at the substance of the great export companies which were Allied's patrons. So he gratefully accepted De Angelis' proposal that Allied's Bayonne depository became an American Express Field Warehouse; a group of De Angelis' employees were hired by American Express to be its custodians; the warehouse receipts were thereafter signed by De Angelis' accountant doubling as head custodian. By the end of 1957, when American Express Field Warehousing had issued receipts to secure only $2 million in loans to Allied from its customers, Allied was already the company's leading account.

In the next six years, American Express would issue through Allied a total of $87,424,000 in warehouse receipts on a presumed 937 million pounds of oil. At the end, there were 100 million pounds of oil actually in the warehouse: and De Angelis, besides having inflated the total nearly 10 times by false inventories, had also taken a pad of American Express forms and another $34 million in receipts had been forged.

Inspections were cursory; even so, there were occasional crises; once, after a surprise inspection found ten tanks heavily watered, American Express decided to replace De Angelis' custodians with one of their own employees. An anonymous caller kept reporting that Allied had fitted its storage tanks with a tube which ran down from the opening through which inspectors normally dropped their sampling plumbs and which was filled with soybean oil while all the rest of the tank was filled with water. Miller disliked pursuing these allegations; De Angelis was paying American Express Field Warehousing close to $200,000 a year – its only profitable account – and, whenever there were questions, De Angelis would say at once that Allied would have to find another warehouser and Miller would have a difficult time appeasing him.

Courage and Wisdom

De Angelis went on kiting his inventory and keeping only enough oil on hand to satisfy foreseeable orders; by 1962, Allied's warehouse receipts covered more oil than the United States Bureau of the Census reported at large in the whole country. There is no way to estimate how long De Angelis might have continued in this example of what enterprise can achieve "with only limited backing, without influence, by courage and wisdom."

Unfortunately he fell to swindling himself with insubstantial dreams of an immense expansion of the Food for Peace program beefed up by heavy shipments to the Russians, and under this delusion set out to corner the vegetable oil futures market. By November of 1963, he held 22,600 futures contracts with a paper value of $160 million. He had, by then, pushed the market price well beyond what any customer would care to pay. If the market settled by as much as a penny a pound, Allied would need to pay an immediate $13.5 million in margin demands; he could only go on driving it up until he ran out of even his almost-unlimited supply of falsepaper and collapsed.

All his creditors knew he was overreaching himself and waited for his wild, alien journey to come crashing; he was not one of them, after all, and, whatever his disaster, they were protected by the security of those warehouse receipts. The export trade is, one of its princes told Miller, a world where a man's word has to be his bond and, one assumes, American Express is a rock.

Some of them may have believed that De Angelis would somehow get through this too, and the golden flow of loans on warehouse receipts at seven or 10 percent interest go on. Anthony De Angelis had always had the trick of enforcing on others his own platonic image of himself. Judge Wortendyke's summation indicates that he still has it.

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Concern About LBJ

by John Osborne

In the spring of 1964, when President Johnson was still shedding the role of subdued successor and, by comparison with his later self, was restrained in many respects, Joseph Kraft dealt in one of his newspaper commentaries with a phenomenon which has grown in interest and importance since then. "The real source of uneasiness about the President," Kraft wrote, was Mr. Johnson's "capacity for immoderation." Much that has happened since bears out the statements in the same column that "the President is a man who gets wound up. Power excites him, and success even more. He is subject to self-intoxication . . . the President's hectic activity expresses a condition that gives ground for concern . . . [a] concern that springs from living in a delicate world under the direction of a leader capable of excess."

There is no disputing that there *is* uneasiness about Mr. Johnson. In recent weeks it has been expressed in print by journalists like James Reston, Joseph Alsop and Eric Sevareid. It is constantly reflected in accounts of the Johnson White House, larded as they usually are with stories of his temperamental outbursts, his brutal treatment of offending assistants, and his passion for secrecy, a characteristic which in many of the accounts is made to seem downright pathological. It is also reflected in the defensive explanations of his associates, usually anonymous, such as this one quoted by the *Washington Post:* "He's thoughtless and thoughtful, cruel and compassionate, simple and immensely complicated. I don't know anyone who doesn't feel ambivalently about him."

The concern that Mr. Johnson continues to arouse is important quite apart from the question of whether it is justified. It breeds and magnifies doubts, in the United States and abroad, as to the President's prudence, his wisdom, his fitness to be a chief custodian of the world's security. It colors the response to and judgment of his policies and actions, however sound they may actually be. It is, in brief, a phenomenon in itself, a very definite factor in the world of 1965.

The burden of what may be termed the White House case in defense of Mr. Johnson is that it is a synthetic uneasiness, attributable to faulty reporting and interpretation and to malicious gossip, rather than to any defect or quality of his. Our subject here is not Mr. Johnson's famous "war with the press," a normal conflict which he and self-conscious journalists have absurdly inflated. But some attention to the reporting of the Johnson Presidency is necessary if the sources of the concern and uneasiness about him are to be usefully studied.

It is probably true, as one of his favored assistants complained the other day, that the press has failed to capture and convey "the full spirit of the man." It could hardly be otherwise, considering that even Mr. Johnson cannot have reporters and television cameramen at hand through the whole of his long days and broken nights. But the President is not a victim of a press vendetta. If there is a legitimate complaint, it is rather that the coverage and commentary accorded him have on the whole been excessively tender. In part because so much they hear and observe around the Johnson White House is disturbing, unpleasant and potentially damaging to the country – and also because the boldest of reporters are constrained at times to protect their positions and sources – the journalists covering the Presidency nowadays probably write and speak with more care, and pull their punches more often, than they have in any regime in memory. To this must be added the skill of Mr. Johnson, the rancher from the Pedernales, at roping in susceptible journalists. Eric Sevareid and the *New York Times* have recently referred to "house-trained reporters" and "sycophantic journalists" who specialize in the Johnson story as Johnson wants it told, and some of his colleagues have dubbed a notably subservient columnist "Lord Toady of Toady Hall."

What, in fact, is the source of the most serious concern about Mr. Johnson? It is not what is reported of him second-hand, but what he is seen to do and heard to say, occasionally by millions on television and more often by reporters and others in actual contact with him. Some of these things have to do more with manner and taste than with substantive performance, but they nonetheless contribute to concern. Before cameras and in view and hearing of many people, Mr. Johnson did yank a puppy's ears and make it cry and he did say, "I like to hear them yelp,"

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while his pleasure was recorded in an unforgettable photograph. At the Texas ranch, reporters see with their own eyes that Mr. Johnson can hardly drive past placid cattle, dozing in the heat, without turning his car from the road and dashing amongst them, his horn blaring, just to watch them mill and run. Standard ranch-hand fun, of course, but more than one reporter watching his President have it has been moved to sympathy for the cattle. Mr. Johnson led a troop of strangers through his house in Texas and summoned his wife from a bathroom to the bedroom door and pointed to a Senator's photograph and brayed, "That's Lady Bird's boy friend." A crowd of reporters observed the event and one of them described it with scarifying precision.

Bullying Reedy

On a more substantial but not necessarily more revealing level, there is a disturbingly constant note of plain brutality in the accounts, including very friendly accounts, of the way Mr. Johnson handles his staff and conducts his business. When they try to describe the Johnson staff operation, conscientious reporters are impelled to note that most of it proceeds beyond their view and that they can never appraise it with sure knowledge. Only one Johnson assistant was placed where they could watch him, day in and day out. He was George Reedy, the press secretary, and reporters who dealt with him knew that he was outrageously abused and misused – and, perhaps more to the point, that his operation was extremely inefficient. A *New York Times* story intended to reassure the public contained this revealing sentence: "Mr. Johnson has given increased freedom to his staff except for George E. Reedy, whom he has not given the chance to do his job either freely or well." A *Washington Post* story at around the same time, retailing one of many examples of Mr. Johnson's bullying of Reedy, quoted the President in a solemn statement of management principle: "You never want to give a man a present when he's up – you want to do it when he's down." Now that Bill Moyers has taken over Reedy's job things may improve, of course, but the treatment of Reedy contributed to the concern about Mr. Johnson.

Mr. Johnson on occasion has used his Secretaries of State and Defense as if they were staff lackeys, rousing them from bed after midnight and summoning them either to help redraft a speech, or to the White House to listen to him talk. He once made most of his Cabinet sit in a group for White House reporters, without preparation, in a transparent pretense that they were showing the public how Cabinet meetings go. The President enhanced the humiliation by marching out, with the Secretaries of State and Defense in tow, and leaving a staff assistant to "preside," indicating with a pointed pencil the turn of each hapless head of a great department to recite for the embarrassed reporters. The accurate reports of this performance in the next morning's papers threw the President into one of his rages and, in ways both visible and audible to the White House correspondents, affected Mr. Johnson's temper and work throughout the day. This is the sort of thing that keeps Washington gossiping, and laughing, but also worrying.

The decision to land troops in Santo Domingo was reached in an atmosphere of frenzy. Mr. Johnson, in one of his numerous monologues on the subject said that the decision was preceded by 235 individual conversations and some 35 meetings in four days. Weighed with the known fact that he spent a portion of those days at Camp David, away from Washington, his statistics hardly supported the impression of coordinated staffing and calm consideration which he sought to convey.

At a suddenly called press conference on June 17, which proved to be a truly disturbing display of the Presidential consciousness in public stream, a question about the current effects of Vietnam and Santo Domingo sent Mr. Johnson off on a long and occasionally incoherent repetition of much that he had said before about the beginnings of the Dominican involvement. It was evidence enough that Mr. Johnson in private has reverted again and again and again to that decision, as if to convince himself and all within hearing that he was right and his critics wrong. Recounting on the same occasion his efforts to find the right man to push development of a supersonic airliner, the President gave a recital which must have been totally unintelligible to anyone who did not already know what he was talking about. And anyone who expects ordered thought and reasoning from the President when he is talking to the world could not have been reassured by his reference, filling more than a column of newspaper print, to the congressional resolution of 1964 supporting the American presence in Vietnam. Quite apart from his citation of it in support of action that was not dreamed of when it was passed, such passages as the following are cause for wonder: "First, the authority of the President is very clear and unquestioned without a resolution. The Commander in Chief has all the authority that I am exercising. . . . Any time they want to take the authority the resolution gives me, they can take it away. It is just an expression and they just approved our position that we were taking."

Mr. Johnson sometimes favors interviewers with three or four hours of his time. Judging by what is written and said in the wake of these marathon sessions, they often show the President at his defensive

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worst, endlessly explaining what does not need to be explained and betraying an extreme sensitivity.

The White House staff assistant who is said to be the "most intimate" and the "most active" of all of Mr. Johnson's helpers is Jack Valenti, who was recently quoted as saying of himself that "every time I see a story about myself I'm described as a fast-talking Houston ad man who wears metallic suits." Mr. Johnson has said that Mr. Valenti is "a valuable hunk of humanity," that he "can write a speech as well as anybody," and that he would be accepted as a qualified intellectual if he had not been born on the wrong, or southern, side of the Mason and Dixon line.

Mr. Valenti recently began a speech in Boston with this sentence: "The Presidency is a mystical body, constructed by the Constitution, but whose architecture was conceived in the inner crannies of a people's soul." Thus launched, he referred to President Johnson as "a father to lead us" and said that the President, fortified by "Godly osmosis" and "extra glands," not only deserves but has the total confidence of the masses. In one of his less turgid passages, the most widely quoted one of the speech, he also said with manifest conviction that he knows Mr. Johnson to be "a sensitive man, a cultivated man, a warm-hearted and extraordinary man." The pathetic thing is that Mr. Valenti may have been right. But how is one to believe it of a President who tolerates, much less invites, this kind of crass, extravagant and quasi-literate adulation? Can it be that this President, so competent and masterful and overwhelming, is plagued and eaten and driven to immoderation by some inward insecurity? The Valenti speech and a good deal else, including the subsequent cry from the White House that Mr. Johnson "is never forgiven anything while his young predecessor was forgiven everything," suggests that this may be the case.

RESCUE AT TIN CAN GROUNDS

"Mayday, Mayday, May . . ."

Long Island Sound

If Americans continue to buy pleasure boats at the present rate, the waterways soon will be as crowded as the highways. The boating industry estimates that there are now eight million such craft, half of them outboard motor boats. Thirty-eight million people use them.

While the Coast Guard can insist that they carry certain safety gear, there is little control over their manufacture or operation. The motor boats are built to go at increasingly high speeds, and as a result accidents are on the rise. Last year there were about 4,000 boating accidents. A surprising number are fatal. One Coast Guard study of fatalities last year shows that of 1772, people in peril, 1192, lost their lives.

The increase in pleasure boating puts an added strain on the Coast Guard to which falls the main job of patrolling the waterways and keeping people from killing themselves with their speed boats. Among the most congested waterways on the Atlantic Coast are those around Long Island. Stretching 120 miles out into the ocean east of New York City, the area is bounded on the north by the Sound, a large inland sea, and on the south by a network of small shallow bays which lie just behind a barrier reef. This area falls within the purview of the third Coast Guard district which has its headquarters in New York City. While the Coast Guard is on year-round watch for plane wrecks and commercial shipping accidents, its main press of business during the summer is with the pleasure craft that dot the Long Island waters. Over the three-day Fourth of July holiday this year, for example, stations in this district handled more than 300 different cases of pleasure boats getting themselves into trouble.

The busiest station in the third district is located a few miles from Manhattan on Long Island at Rockaway Inlet. The Rockaway Inlet opens into Jamaica Bay and is just a stone's throw from Coney Island. The place bustles with activity. Planes fly in and out of Kennedy International Airport; and out in the lower bay a continual line of commercial ships steams up and down the main harbor. When there is either a plane or ship wreck in these waters, the Rockaway Coast Guard is sure to be called in. But during the summer months the main energies of its 30 men and four patrol vessels are ex-

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pended at the Tin Can Grounds, a spot in the ocean just off the inlet's rock jetty where hundreds of people collect in their small outboard motor boats to fish. Last year the Coast Guard station handled 800 cases of boats in trouble, a majority involving small craft that ran into difficulties around the inlet.

To see for myself the sort of pressure the pleasure boating boom puts on the Coast Guard, I went out to the Rockaway station on a recent Saturday morning and was put aboard a 30-foot patrol boat. It carries a crew of three and is connected to the station and other Coast Guard boats by radio. We immediately set out for the inlet. The weather was dirty and a steep swell was running but the fishing enthusiasts had not been put off. As we approached the Tin Can Grounds, a large number of beaten-up 14-foot outboard motor boats could be seen anchored off the jetty in the swell. For the most part, the occupants of these craft were hunkered down on the thwarts grimly watching the ends of their fishing poles. Every so often, these would jiggle, and a small flounder would be hauled aboard. Most of the boats had been rented; they were in uniformly shabby shape; the motors looked old and apparently did not work well, for many of the men were bent over trying to start them, while their irate wives clubbed down children who scrapped in the bilges. Three Coast Guard vessels, including the one I was on, took up position amidst this wretched armada in anticipation of a long day's work. There was little excitement in store, for the possibility that one of these boats would swamp or capsize was distant. More likely the people would tire of trying to start their motors, and hoist a white handkerchief on an oar, giving the Coast Guard formal notice they were in distress.

Rowboats for Hire

My boat pulled alongside a ratty looking rowboat in which sat two Negroes. Like everyone else I saw they were staring stolidly into the water. The Coast Guardsmen, fearing this craft was in trouble made ready to heave a line. One of the Negroes, a big fat man with one leg, handily made it into the bow and took the lines, but he was unable to tie a knot. Irritated, the Coast Guardsmen hauled him alongside and tied the knot themselves. A third Negro could now be seen lying on the floor boards, contentedly munching a pork sandwich. With this boat now zigzagging behind, we headed slowly for Sheepshead Bay, at the inland end of the inlet. The boat was deposited at a filthy little dock where two glowering Italians pounced on the Negroes who had had the misfortune of renting the tub from them. There were several other boat rental services of this sort operating in Sheepshead Bay, and their managers were shoveling boats into the water and sending them toward the inlet as fast as the Coast Guard towed them back in.

We set out again, and it began to rain lightly as we reentered the jetty area. The boat was slowed while we all watched as a man tried laboriously to start up his outboard. He got nowhere, and after making obscene gestures at the motor, he took a line. Both he and his wife were brought on board. He promptly asked for a toilet, and on being informed there was none, retired to the stern where he rubbed his stomach. While one of the crew was tying fast this boat, another tried to raise the Rockaway station on the radio to let them know we had a boat in tow. Suddenly the operator there broke in and began to yell urgently, "Boat on fire, boat on fire," and reeled off a position somewhere in Jamaica Bay. Two Coast Guardsmen fell aft pell-mell wrestling with each other in their haste to cast off the row boat. The third threw the throttle forward, and pressed the button, starting a wheezy siren. We raced through the anchored fishermen, none of whom paid any heed, and as we tore into Jamaica Bay, two of the crew struggled to hook up a fire pump. It wouldn't work and they gave up. We now could see two New York police helicopters were circling over a police launch which had brought alongside a small cabin cruiser called the Pegid I. A column of smoke was wafting from its cabin. Another Coast Guard boat was converging on this scene at full speed. By the time we arrived, a hose had been run into the cabin and the fire was out. Meanwhile, the Coast Guard operator began to relay a report that an empty row boat had been spotted off the jetty, and its occupants were feared overboard. This was the boat we had cast adrift, and we returned to pick it up and tow it to Sheepshead Bay. On returning to the station for lunch, the commandant apologetically said that because I was so far away I had missed the major disaster of the morning. A man had fallen out of an outboard motor boat while fishing, and before his companions could get him back in, he suffered a heart attack and died.

Across Long Island on the Sound, another busy station at Eaton's Neck deals with quite a different sort of traffic. Eaton's Neck is a spit of land that marks the entrance to a network of bays and snug harbors on the Long Island side of the Sound about half way down the island from New York. On weekends the channel is choked with small cabin cruisers and sailboats. A usual practice is for a Connecticut boat owner to load his family into the cruiser and make it across the Sound to the harbors behind Eaton's Neck before it gets dark Friday. The more daring of this type will raft their boats together at anchor; others prefer to go into a marina where television and a telephone can be brought aboard. The weekend is spent lazing on the deck watching the children swim. The boats are started up

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late Sunday afternoon for the return trip. The Coast Guard's major fear is that the skippers will begin too late in bad weather and get caught out after dark.

Many of these people have not the foggiest notion of what they are doing. Often they do not have charts, and it is not uncommon to come on one whose boat has broken down. He will be waving a Texaco road map wanting to know his position. Some have radios so they can summon the Coast Guard to help out. This presents another problem, however, for they are forever gossiping over the international distress frequency about fishing conditions. When they are not chatting amongst themselves on this network, they like to play at hysterically yelling "Mayday," the distress call. A sailboat in the Sound once radioed Mayday when the wind died. A power boat signaled Mayday because the skipper could not negotiate New Bedford harbor in the dark. A boat was sent out to guide him in. One boat claiming to be in dire straits precipitated a large-scale Coast Guard search operation in Long Island Sound, where he claimed to be out of gas in bad weather. As it turned out, he actually was in the Atlantic off New Jersey.

When a Coast Guard station can't handle a case on its own, it sends word by telephone or teletype to the district's Search and Rescue Center at headquarters in the Customs House at New York. In a room here, a duty officer stands watch behind a bank of telephones on a raised platform or "bridge." On the walls around him, are hung the charts of the waters encompassed by the district, showing the positions of cutters at sea and the stations up and down the Atlantic which he can bring in to help in a search operation. In all, 200 or so boats can be made available as well as airplanes and helicopters. It was into this Search and Rescue center that word first flashed of a collision of the *Shalom* and the *Stolt Dagali* off New Jersey last November.

At this time of year the center's business consists mostly of small boat mishaps, many of them concerning cabin cruisers that break down, or boats reported overdue. When I visited the search and rescue center Tuesday, July 6, Lieutenant Bill Read was still working on two cases left from the Fourth of July weekend. One of them concerned the cabin cruiser *Ammy K*. It seemed fairly typical. That Sunday evening about 11 o'clock two brothers-in-law of Mr. James McGlone, the *Ammy K*'s skipper, called Coast Guard stations at New London, Conn., and Eaton's Neck, Long Island. They said Mr. McGlone, his wife and daughter had set out in the Sound from Glen Cove, a town on Long Island, at 9 Sunday morning with no precise destination. The fuel supply would last five or six hours. The McGlone's had not been heard from since. The *Ammy K* was equipped with a marine radio. New London and Eaton's Neck flashed word to the Search and Rescue Center in New York, which wasted no time in putting out an alert over the international distress frequency as well as sending a call over the marine frequencies. Coast Guard stations in the New York area, along the Sound, and up the Hudson River began a systematic check of marinas, yacht clubs, bridge tenders and harbor police. The *Ammy K* was reported overdue late in the evening, and so the Search and Rescue Center had to decide whether to put out ships and planes that night, which would be like looking for a needle in a haystack, or wait until dawn. This decision, according to Lieutenant Read, often depends on weather, experience of the skipper and whether there are children on board. In this case, with the exception of fog over the eastern end of Long Island, the weather was clear, and it was decided to wait until Tuesday morning. At dawn, a plane began to fly up the Sound from New York, while boats from Eaton's Neck moved throughout the western reaches of the Sound looking for the *Ammy K;* others from New London looked at the eastern end. In addition helicopter patrol of New York harbor was diverted up the Hudson River. Newspapers and radio stations were alerted. Radio station WOR put out a bulletin about the *Ammy K*, and in no time at all a man called to say he had seen a boat of that name recently in the East River. Then, the *Ammy K*'s former owner telephoned to say he had seen it late Monday afternoon in Port Jefferson harbor where it had just towed in a disabled boat. Port Jefferson is on Long Island in the eastern part of the Sound. The Search and Rescue Center immediately notified the state police and they found the boat anchored safely off the harbor. The radio had never been turned on. While this kind of false alarm is maddening to the Coast Guard it must treat each call seriously. Lieutenant Read remembered a search that took place not long ago for a small outboard motor boat with four people aboard that, like the *Ammy K*, was reported overdue. Unlike the *Ammy K*, it was discovered capsized outside New London harbor with the four bodies nearby in the water.

JAMES RIDGEWAY

COMING: *The Big Weapon Against Misery in the United States by Edwin L. Dale, Jr.*

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Seat Belts for Mississippi's Five

by Andrew Kopkind

Congress has been good this year about voting rights in the abstract. In the particular, the record is not as clean. The voting rights bill – soon to be Act – is a fair attempt to let Southern Negroes participate in the democratic process, at some unspecified time and place. When it comes to specifics – for instance, the unseating of Mississippi's five congressmen chosen in virtually all-white elections – Congress has not been anxious to take action.

The unseating campaign is primarily the work of the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party, which for a year or so has been engaged in the political organization and education of Mississippi Negroes. The MFDP's existence is as unsettling to conservative civil rights groups as it is to segregationist politicians. It raises the specter of independent Negro political parties, perhaps promoting their own candidates for office, in Northern Negro ghettos as well as Southern states.

The MFDP did not start out that way. It formed itself around a need, like a crystal around a seed. In this case, the need was political expression. In the Mississippi gubernatorial election of 1963, an unofficial "freedom ballot" was conducted – more for the edification of the state's Negroes than for any particular political goal. NAACP state chairman Aaron Henry collected about 80,000 votes for governor. A year later, when Negroes tried vainly to join branches of the regular state Democratic Party, the MFDP was set up in its place. It supported the national ticket and platform and nominated state and congressional candidates; when they were not accepted on the official ballot, they agreed to run on another mock ballot.

Some of the MFDP delegates who went to the Democratic National Convention in Atlantic City really believed they would be seated as the official state delegation. The purpose of their protest, however, was not to be a dozen delegates among thousands, but to chip away at the political monolith back home. Hubert Humphrey's compromise offered to the MFDP delegates – to seat two Mississippi Negroes "at large" on the convention floor – had nothing to do with their objectives. "The whole point of the MFDP is to teach the lowest sharecropper that he knows better than the biggest leader exactly what is required to make a decent life for himself," said Bob Moses, the Mississippi Summer Project director who helped form the MFDP.

Rejection of the compromise did not make much sense to most of the white Democrats, even the more sympathetic ones, who were at Atlantic City, or the millions of baffled observers of the televised demonstrations. Indeed it made so little sense to Joseph L. Rauh, the Establishment liberal *par excellence* who masterfully had presented the MFDP's case to the convention, that he argued strongly for acceptance, and later retired as the party's counsel in a bitter break.

A year later, it is difficult to see what else the MFDP could have done. The convention fight was part, as one MFDP worker put it, of "a programmatic series of events" which has become "the Movement" – the Berkeley uprising, the SNCC and CORE operations in the South, the teach-ins and the Vietnam marches, and the student organizing projects in Northern cities. All share common characteristics: Emphasis is on the broadest popular participation; there is a distrust of leadership, elites, and bureaucracy; compromise and the forming of alliances is considered unnecessary and in fact injurious to the movement.

Since Atlantic City, the MFDP has spent all of its time getting rural Mississippians into the civil rights movement. The party's filial relationship with SNCC is a subject of condemnation by the segregationists and praise among civil rights workers. For the most part, SNCC staff members have given over the duties of organizing to locals, although last summer's SNCC workers shuttle back and forth between Mississippi and other states, usually to help in particularly critical situations. When the MFDP organized the huge marches in Jackson last month, SNCC members rushed South from Washington and landed in jail with the first crop of prisoners.

The MFDP has spawned the Mississippi Free Labor Union, which has organized a strike of cotton-choppers (many of them on Senator Eastland's plantation) who do not particularly want to work for thirty cents an hour, ten hours a day. Several thousand farm hands have left the fields: The Freedom Schools, an expression of MFDP's need for a constituency educated beyond the possibilities offered by the regular state system, are now established institutions far more successful than the expectation of their founders last summer. MFDP members are protesting the appointment of former Governor James P. Coleman to the US Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals; Mrs. Victoria Gray, one of the MFDP "congressmen" chosen in the mock election last

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November, testified against Coleman before the Senate Judiciary Subcommittee.

There are small "movements" in scores of Mississippi counties, but MFDP's major political effort this year is directed to the congressional challenge. On opening day of the session in January, New York Rep. William F. Ryan introduced a "fairness resolution" (which was independent of the statutory challenge procedure) to postpone the seating of the five regular congressmen (four were incumbent Democrats, one was a newly-elected Goldwater-Republican). The resolution drew a remarkable 149 votes for unseating. Under the contested elections statute, however, the House Administration Committee had six months to hear the challenge. During that time, MFDP lawyers gathered some 15,000 typewritten pages of depositions in Mississippi, in an attempt to smother all objections with proof (if any was needed) that Negroes are discriminated against in the state's voting system.

Theoretically, the House Committee was to report the challenge on July 5; it did not so much as utter a word then, nor does it appear that it will act soon. The Clerk of the House hedged and delayed printing of the depositions; no one knows when, or if, they will ever be printed. In June, the MFDP and SNCC corralled about 300 students in Washington to "lobby" for the challenge (it was also a good opportunity to train them for MFDP summer organizing projects in Mississippi). They had no spectacular success. But a busload of Mississippi Negroes followed them and made a more vivid impression (they also were arrested after sitting-in at the Clerk's office when he refused to hear their plea for printing the depositions).

Appalled, Annoyed

The House leadership – particularly Speaker McCormack – is quietly against the challenge. The conservative organizations which make up the majority in the 90-odd member Leadership Conference on Civil Rights react to the challenge in an attitudinal range from appalled to annoyed. The voting rights bill clearly took precedence. Joseph Rauh, now the Conference's counsel, has grown more suspicious of the MFDP over the months; he and Clarence Mitchell, the NAACP's wily Washington strategist, effectively direct the Conference, and they have not encouraged the challenge at all. Both have serious doubts about the legal points as well as the political wisdom of the case. With so much against it, the challenge may not find its way out of the Southern-dominated House Subcommittee – at least not this year. Congressmen are still congratulating themselves for passing the voting rights bill; they can afford to overlook the challenge, or rationalize inaction by advising the MFDP to organize voters and unseat the contested congressmen next time at the polls. A small and not very powerful band of civil rights militants in Congress – Conyers of Michigan, Edwards and Burton of California, Ryan, and at most a half-a-dozen others – carry on the campaign with indifferent results. Later this summer, if the challenge is still in Committee, the MFDP may bring up "thousands" of Mississippi Negroes for a stickier kind of lobbying, perhaps involving demonstrations and direct action.

Winning the challenge means organizing the Negroes in Mississippi as much as – or more than – unseating the five segregationist congressmen. A new election would doubtless see the whites returned. Even with voting rights secured, it will be a long time before Negroes in Mississippi can effectively influence elections even in districts where they are in the majority. But the Negroes need exercises in militancy, and to be immersed in reform politics. The "loss" of the convention fight last year was a gain on both counts.

Not for nothing are the less radical civil rights groups worried about the MFDP. Scores of freedom parties – such as CORE's James Farmer has proposed – could upset the process of assimilation of Negroes into the white world, and emphasize the class characteristics of the movement which have grown obvious in the past months. Freedom parties have an annoying way of turning into class parties.

Except for a few hugely Negro districts, freedom parties cannot hope to elect their own candidates. Elsewhere, they can be a cross between political ginger groups (the Reform Democrats in New York and the California Democratic Councils) and minority parties, like New York's Liberals. In regions where existing political parties are more flexible than in Mississippi, Negroes who want radical action can work with them. Julian Bond, the young SNCC officer who was recently elected to the Georgia House, found that he could exist tolerably well within the regular Democratic Party.

MFDP's antipathy to compromise is not valid in every circumstance, nor is direct action as wise a tactic in Washington as it is in Yazoo City. Like many in the radical part of the movement, MFDP leaders have not thought through their objectives. Do they want Mississippi Negroes to become part of middle-class life, or do they want them to function as a kind of free-floating proletariat? There is the growing conflict within MFDP between those who want a strong, fast-moving political party and those who would rather have a kind of continuous political science seminar of the poor.

There may be alternatives to the development of the MFDP, but no one else has come up with a course of action to change the lives of Mississippi Negroes. In the absence of other programs, the MFDP will surely grow stronger. The congressional challenge is not likely to be the last of its efforts.

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The Dominican Revolution

by Juan Bosch

In most Latin American capitals newsmen writing about the Dominican crisis are still asking: "Why didn't Juan Bosch return to his country?" Some say that in the first moments of the Dominican revolution a rebel plane landed in San Juan in Puerto Rico to take me home and I refused to use it. This is a lie.

The constitutionalist revolution began at noon on April 24, in the city of Santo Domingo; the so-called government of Reid Cabral immediately closed the international airport at Punta Caucedo. Because San Isidro, General Wessin y Wessin's base, lies between Punta Caucedo and the city of Santo Domingo, Wessin y Wessin's control over the airport was complete from the very beginning. By four in the afternoon Wessin's tanks were blockading entrance to the city via Punta Caucedo, which is the same as the route from San Isidro; and it was only after four in the afternoon that I received my first news of the revolution. I received it through a radio station in San Juan. Thus, from one in the afternoon of April 24, to this day, Wessin y Wessin's forces, which control the Dominican air force, have completely controlled the airways and the roads to the airport.

Two Dominican air force planes came to Puerto Rico – the first a Mustang P-51 fighter which landed on Monday, April 26, I believe, in Mayaguez, and a Douglas transport which landed next day in San Juan. Both were grounded by US military authorities and have remained grounded.

I did try to reach my country. I made such efforts with Abe Fortas, the well-known American lawyer, who in the first days was unofficial liaison between the US government, and Rector Jaime Benites of the University of Puerto Rico. On Saturday, May 1, Mr. Fortas informed me that a battle was imminent between US Marines and Dominican constitutionalist forces. I explained to Mr. Fortas that all I could do in these circumstances was to go to my country and I asked him for a plane to take me there immediately. Mr. Fortas did not reply. Early on May 2, in the presence of Rector Benites, I made the same request to Ambassador John Bartlow Martin and he refused even to consider the matter, saying that if I went to Santo Domingo I would be killed. According to him, that should not be allowed to happen as it would leave my country without leaders.

During its initial phase, for two months, the Dominican revolution was confined to the capital of the republic; as it entered its third month, the movement began to spread to the interior of the country. This was inevitable, since a revolution is not a unified military operation which can be contained within set boundary lines by military forces. Washington has remained inexplicably unaware of what is really happening.

In bottling up the revolution and keeping it confined to a portion of the city of Santo Domingo, the United States government was appraising the situation in terms of force: The revolutionary element represents a given number of men with a given number of weapons; therefore, we can subdue them and knock them out with a given number of soldiers and a given amount of arms.

It is easy to think in terms of force in this day and age, especially in the United States, where a battery of electronic computers comes up with plausible answers to problems of this type in a few minutes, perhaps even in a few seconds.

A revolution, however, is an historical development which is ill-adapted to this type of automated reasoning. Its force is derived from the hearts and minds of people. Neither of these can be measured by electronic computers.

The Santo Domingo uprising was – and is – a typical people's democratic revolution in the historic Latin American manner, generated by social, economic and political factors at once Dominican and Latin American. It is like the Mexican revolution of 1910. The United States reacted to the Dominican revolution of 1965 almost exactly as it did to the Mexican revolution of 1910. Why? Because, traditionally, the official world of North America has been opposed to democratic revolutions in Latin America. With the exception of the Kennedy years, the policy has been to reach a meeting of minds with local power groups, and to use force to back them up. During the Franklin Roosevelt era the use of armed intervention was abandoned, but the policy of supporting local power groups was continued, and in the case of the Cuban revolution of 1933 North American warships made their appearance in Cuban waters as an ominous reminder. It was John

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Fitzgerald Kennedy who transformed outmoded concepts by putting new policies into practice; but after his demise the old idea once more took hold that power can only be exerted by means of force.

Yet this idea has been disproved by history. A revolution is not a war. Traditionally, the defeated ones in revolutions have been those who were stronger in weaponry. The 13 American colonies were weaker than England, yet they won the War of Independence; the French masses were weaker than Louis XVI's monarchy, yet the people won in the French Revolution; Bolivar was weaker than Ferdinand VII, yet he won the South American revolution; Madero was weaker than Porfirio Diaz, yet he triumphed in the Mexican revolution of 1910; Lenin was weaker than the Russian government, yet he won the revolution of 1917 in Russia. Without a single exception, all the revolutions which have been victorious throughout the course of history have been weaker than the governments against which they were rebelling. It is clear, therefore, that revolutions cannot be measured in terms of military power; other values must serve as their yardstick.

To distinguish between a true revolution and a mere disorder or struggle for power among rival contenders, one must study the underlying causes of the uprising, and the stand taken by the various sectors of society as it developed. It must also be viewed in its historical context. The US officials failed to consider any of these aspects of the Dominican revolution. In Washington, word was received that at noon on Saturday, April 24, there had been some restlessness in certain quarters of Santo Domingo and among the people of the city; a little later it was learned that the commander-in-chief of the Army had been taken prisoner by his subalterns. Immediately, plans to land US armed forces in the little Caribbean country were contemplated. President Johnson himself so stated when, at a press conference on June 17, he affirmed that ". . . as a matter of fact, we landed our people in less than one hour from the time the decision was made. It was a decision we considered from Saturday until Wednesday evening."

Since Saturday, therefore, the United States government had considered it necessary to land troops in Santo Domingo; and we may be sure that at the time the United States government did not know what kind of revolution was developing or was going to develop in the Dominican Republic. It was obvious that the policy of the North American government was to defend the status quo in Santo Domingo, without any regard for the will of the Dominican people. The reaction in Washington was, therefore, the usual one: The controlling group in the Dominican Republic was threatened, and had to be defended.

This controlling group was pro-United States, without a doubt; but it was also anti-Dominican Republic, and this to an extreme degree. During its 19 months of government, this preferred regime of Washington had ruined the Dominican economy, established a system of corruption and daily ridiculed the hopes of the people for a dramatic solution to the country's problems.

The Dominican revolution of April 1965, was not an improvisation. It was an historical event, the origin of which was clear to see. It had been developing since the end of 1959, through the death of Trujillo in May 1961, the elections of December 1962; and finally the strike of May 1964. The *coup d'état* of September 1963, was unable to stamp out this revolution. It was a delusion of sociological and political ignoramuses that when the government over which I was presiding had been overthrown, the revolution would be vanquished. It was a delusion to believe, as did those responsible for formulating Dominican policy in Washington, that a man of "good" social and business background was the kind of person to handle the Dominican situation.

From the time of the 1963 *coup d'état*, the country was returned to the same lack of freedom and contempt toward the mass of the people which prevailed in the days of Trujillo. Corruption of the Trujillo type became more widespread and more shameless than under the tyrant himself. The Cabral regime sought a return to Trujilloism without Trujillo, an historical absurdity which could not be continued. The middle classes and the masses came together as allies, united in a common cause, to restore the country to a regime of lawfulness.

In April 1965, a second Cuba could not have been in the making in Santo Domingo. What erupted was – and is – a democratic and nationalistic revolution. No Latin American nation today can accept a democracy which does not also offer social equality and economic justice. It was a costly political blunder to look on it as a revolution which was in danger of drifting toward Communism.

The United States will pay a high price for this blunder and, in my opinion, it will be paid within our

SUMMER SCHEDULE

During the summer months,
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time. A measure of the grossness of the mistake is the size of the forces originally deployed to bottle up the revolution. In April, the United States had 23,000 men in Vietnam; it landed 42,000 in Santo Domingo. Washington officials looked upon events in the Dominican Republic as so fraught with danger that their preparations seemed like those of a nation waging a life-and-death war. A tiny, impoverished nation, making the most heroic effort of its history to achieve democracy, was overwhelmed by huge quantities of cannons, planes, warships, and by a propaganda campaign which presented completely distorted facts to the world. The revolution did not shoot a single person; it decapitated no one, burned down not a single church, nor raped one woman. Nevertheless, allegations of these horrors were proclaimed to the world at large.

The Dominican revolution had nothing to do with Cuba, or Russia, or China. It would have ended in April had the United States not intervened. Instead, it was bottled up and consequently began to generate a force of its own, alien to its nature, and including hatred of the United States. It will be a long time before this anti-US feeling disappears. When democratic nationalism is thwarted or strangled, it becomes a breeding ground for Communism. I am certain that the use of force by the United States in the Dominican Republic will produce more Communists in Santo Domingo and in Latin America than all the propaganda of Russia, China and Cuba combined.

It will be difficult to convince the Dominicans that democracy is the best system of government. They were paying for their democracy with their lives and with their blood, yet North American democracy represented their tremendous and heroic struggle to the world as a work of bandits and Communists. Force was used to prevent the Dominicans from achieving their democracy. Many Americans may not believe this is true, but I am expressing here what the people of the Dominican Republic feel and will continue to feel for many years to come, rather than trying to describe what the intentions of the United States were.

The United States was obliged to have recourse in Santo Domingo to an expedient which would permit it to use force without exposing itself to world opprobrium. This explains the military junta headed by Antonio Imbert. This junta was the brainchild of Ambassador John Bartlow Martin – of the United States, in other words. Rarely in modern history has so costly an error been committed in terms of US prestige as placing in the hands of Imbert the power of armed Dominican troops, then advancing as an excuse for his crimes the argument of fighting Communism in Santo Domingo. The brutal killings of Dominicans and foreigners – including a Cuban priest and a Canadian priest – which were committed by Imbert's troops on the pretext of wiping out Communism will, in Dominican history, be forever laid to the account of the United States, and particularly to Ambassador Martin. These killings occurred while North American forces were in Santo Domingo; moreover, Ambassador Martin knew what kind of man Imbert was before inviting him to lead the junta. Imbert's tyranny was established beyond a doubt, and following as he did on the heels of Trujillo, there was no pretext strong enough to justify setting up the tyranny of Imbert.

Under the revolution, no one was shot or decapitated; but Imbert's forces shot and decapitated hundreds of persons. These crimes were not given the publicity they should have had in the United States, but they are cited in the documentation of the Commission on Human Rights of the Organization of American States and of the United Nations, with all their ghastly details of skulls crushed by gun-butts, of hands lashed behind backs with wire, of headless corpses floating in rivers, of women executed by machine guns, of fingers smashed with hammers to prevent identification of the dead. Most of the victims were members of the Dominician Revolutionary Party (a party recognized as democratic), since the function of Imbert's "democracy" is to wipe out all democrats in the Dominican Republic. It is a bloody irony of history that the crimes imputed to the Dominican revolution were actually committed by Imbert. The blame will also fall on the United States and, unfortunately, upon democracy in general as a system of government. If I know my people, when the day of reckoning comes, it will be hard for the Dominicans of today and of tomorrow to be indulgent toward the United States and harsh only in their judgment of Imbert and his soldiers.

The Dominican people will not soon forget that the United States brought into Santo Domingo the Nicaraguan battalion named for Anastasio Somoza, that Central American emulator of Trujillo; that it brought in Stroessner's Paraguayan soldiers, of all elements those least qualified to represent democracy in a land where thousands of men and women had just died fighting to establish democracy; that it brought in the soldiery of Lopez Arellano who, so far as the Dominicans are concerned, is a sort of Honduran Wessin y Wessin. A highlight in all future history texts of the Dominican Republic will be the bombardment of the city of Santo Domingo for 24 hours on June 15 and 16.

All these flow from the use of force as an instrument of power in the handling of political problems. An intelligent evaluation of the events in Santo Domingo would have prevented them. President Johnson said that his Marines went into Santo Domingo to save lives; what they really did was to destroy the democratic image of the United States throughout the South American continent.

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The Courage of Irony: The Poetry of Allen Tate

by Katherine Garrison Chapin

Allen Tate is essentially a man of letters in the broadest meaning of the phrase. As poet, critic and prose writer his influence on his contemporaries has been great for more than three decades. His early biographies of Stonewall Jackson and Jefferson Davis, and a psychologically penetrating novel, *The Fathers*, set in Virginia during the Civil War, link him to a South which he knows never quite existed except in his nostalgic memory. The novel, using a symbolic mode, where action and physical environment are transmitted through consciousness – memories of the past intruding on the present – with its shrewd naturalism, was a reaction against the sentimentality gathering about the war and the changes it effected. Published in 1938 and reissued here and in England in 1960, *The Fathers* bridges the gap between Virginia Woolf's stream-of-consciousness and the current era of morbid naturalism.

Tate's essays, belonging to and supplementing his poetry, have been collected (in 1959) in one volume. His criticism has always been exact, authoritative and subtle, unencumbered with the self-consciousness so often found in the modern Freudian approach. For a brief time his reputation as an outstanding critical authority tended to overshadow his poetry. But poetry is Tate's chief concern, and it is about his poetry that I want to speak now. Published in single volumes from 1930 on, *The Collected Poems* (1960) is his definitive selection.

There has been little enlightened discussion of Tate's poetry, though occasional comment and criticism of individual poems by Robert Fitzgerald, Howard Nemerov, Delmore Schwartz, and Cleanth Brooks; and a booklet (1964), *Allen Tate*, by George Hemphill in the University of Minnesota pamphlet series on American writers, and in 1963 R. K. Meiner's excellent study, *The Last Alternatives*, to which I am indebted for helpful and valuable suggestions.

Tate's conception that "poetry was the unification of experience through the dynamics of form" carried him beyond his own early influences – Coleridge, the French symbolists, Baudelaire, Eliot's analyses – into Yeats' powerful lyrical irony. Tate's classic idiom – what has been attacked as his "Latinity" – springs from an absorption in Latin and Greek poetry and mythology, rooted in his early education. This diction, however, has no relationship to ponderous Victorian "classicism." Under the spell of Vergil and Homer he never drops into the English of translation. Images are re-created or combined to suit his needs. "The peaked margin of antiquity's delay," in *The Mediterranean*, links time and space. Not the words, but the quality is Vergilian. His love of Dante preceded his religious conversion to Catholicism, and much of Dante's thought and image became a part of Tate's poetry. Such influences do not account for the vehement emotion which underlies so much of his writing, and is reflected in the intensity of his style. Meiners calls this the "tragic element." It springs from Tate's spiritual concern with man, which is never fully resolved.

A basic element that has nourished Tate's poetic response is his relationship to his land and his view of its history – the Southern civilization both in its flowering and its decadence. He is the only modern American poet so deeply involved. One thinks of John Crowe Ransom and Robert Penn Warren, but Tate is less romantic, less tolerant, and, though less limited in his approach, is more passionate. His "angry love" of the South, as an English critic has said, has made him criticize but never abandon the image of what that life once was. In his memory, land and people together express the beauty, intelligence, and wit of a classic age. His memory of actual events has supported his poetic vision. The tragedy of defeat adds to its heroism.

His agrarian theories, which he shares with other Southern writers – once centered in the Fugitive group at Vanderbilt University – sprang from a belief in the essential relationship between the land and the living. Tate would keep the values of the South, with its noble past, though now a poor section of the earth, against the sterile and anonymous environment of vast urban conditioning. He does not think of agrarianism alone as restoring the old South – something new must be created in the moral and religious outlook of Western man. That the Southern way of living inevitably took for granted the existence of a class society has not troubled Tate, though it has disturbed some of his liberal admirers.

Tate has been called "a border man," an expression which in his time and country has a genuine meaning, and draws on the twin inheritance of Virginian aristocracy and the sturdy substance of men in Kentucky valleys and Tennessee riverland. His form of religion became another "border," between his maternal grandfather's Roman Catholicism of his Maryland boyhood and his father's Scotch-English Protestantism. He has always been able to live in the two worlds of the theology of *The Divine Comedy* and the modern guilt complex of Freud. They are both found in his poem *Seasons of the Soul.*

When he began to look back with an appraising eye he realized that he did not altogether belong in any nostalgic past, even as a myth to sustain his poetry. He may have remembered what Valery once said, that history of the past makes little sense except for the man who finds in himself a passion for the future. Tate is a part of both present and future, though he finds it impossible to accept the changes wrought by World War II to his universe. He does not completely reject the modern world, but deplores the cultural and spiritual decay toward which he believes we are moving. Unlike many

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contemporary poets he is not a defeatist. But he finds the vexed question difficult to answer.

He understands the spiritual needs that move men, the hunger for a meaning in life, the unrewarded search for unity, the need for a God who has disappeared. These are the realities that reaffirm man's dignity. As a man of letters he has defined poetry in terms not of "communication" but of "communion." Communication deals with abstract man, communion presupposes participation between concrete men. Love, which demands the surrender of one kind of integrity in the service of another, he contrasts with lust, which is life in its subterranean, groping aspects. He even accepts the blessedness of being returned to the "wrath of God, in order to enter into His grace" *(Last Days of Alice)*. His sense of tragedy, springs from the frustration that comes from the ever unresolved conflict between the ideal and the actual.

Tate expresses this frustration in a poetry that cannot be read or understood "inadvisedly or lightly." His meaning is not often on the surface. His style is elliptical and powerful. There are qualities like the poetry of the 16th Century, particularly Donne, in the baroque wit, the play on words, the metaphysical slant, and the religious circle of emotion.

The intellectual vision is so emphatic in Tate that emotion is seldom loosened or set free at once. Rather it is embedded in the image and must be forced out to reach the reader. Violence is never the primary motivation of a poem; the pulse, the feeling comes first and the explosive expressions, far from being elaborately induced for effect, are held back in a tight leash. What has been called the violence of his style is found in the startling union of opposites: "the bleak sunshine shrieks its chipped music," or "the idiot greens the meadows with his eyes." And these opposites can also create a sensuous melodic tempo:

. . . all the sweet afternoon,
The reaching sun, swift as the
cottonmouth,
Strikes at the black crucifix on her
breast.
. . . the thickening blue grass
All lying rich forever in the green
sun.

Sometimes there is a lack of tenderness or warmth in his poems, a shining bleakness; more often a deeper sense of horror than any sense of hope. One does not expect to find consolation, and there is little spontaneous joy. But there is stimulation of honesty and challenge of courage in what one might call his "stance" to meet calamity head on; he summons defenses in which irony is a weapon, not an escape, though it may act as a shield. The wound can still bleed behind the shield, but the spear is lifted and the voice speaks. There is a moment of respite in the midst of an encounter with life at a dark hour. The courage of irony is Tate's unique contribution, and the originality and power of his language are poetry of "a mind imperishable if time is."

An example is the poem, so often quoted and discussed, *Ode to the Confederate Dead*. The word "ode" suggests a public commemoration. Instead the poem is made of thoughts uttered to himself by a lonely man at a graveyard, where nature stirs the memory:

The singular screech-owl's tight
Invisible lyric seeds the mind
With the furious murmur of their
chivalry.

Tate has been able to speak ironically of the war that was still so close to him. The past, present and future have become one. In *To the Lacedemonians* and *Aeneas at Washington* he has merged Antietam and Troy.

The style of vers libre has never tempted Tate. His form, so essentially a part of his thought – "the language of the poem is the poem" – fits into two general modes, a meditative blank or rhymed verse which introduces a theme and then discusses it; or in what he calls "the immaculate conception of its essence in itself." To me Tate's most successful poems are his condensed lyrical perceptions. Tate is not a man of action, he is a man of thought, of books, of language. But his scholarship is never dry.

The Cross (1928) is an excellent example of his concentrated style. The poem, placed in our time and dealing with man's vision of his own spiritual predicament, is short, but its range is broad and vital. In an essay on Emily Dickinson, Tate remarked that "she never reasons, she sees." Here Tate "sees." To "see" is one of his favorite verbs with many levels of meaning.

There is a place that some men
know,
I cannot see the whole of it
Nor how I came there. Long ago
Flame burst out a secret pit
Crushing the world with such a light
The day-sky fell to moonless black,
The kingly sun to hateful night
For those, once seeing, turning back.

The poem presents the Christian image, which we can no longer "see," the realization that love, death and salvation stand before the world destroying pit, facing the last alternatives of life. We have become blind to the natural world of living, and yet have no access to the other world.

For love so hates mortality,
Which is the providence of life
She will not let it blesséd be
But curses it with mortal strife,
Until beside the blinding rood
Within that world destroying pit
– Like young wolves who have
tasted blood,
Of death, men taste no more of it.

In *The Mediterranean*, rhythm and meaning are in complete harmony, and Tate's concern with modernity, vis-à-vis the legendary past, is given lyrical expression. Within a rich texture of rhyme, using assonance and dissonance, the poem moves forward, as a narrow boat with its long, black hull glides on

Books in print by Allen Tate

Collected Essays
(Swallow; $6)

The Fathers
(Swallow; hardcover, $3.75; paper, $1.85)

Man of Letters in the Modern World
(Meridian; $1.55)

Poems 1922-1947
(Scribners; $4.50)

Poems
(Swallow; $1.85)

Stonewall Jackson
(Michigan; $1.65)

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the waters. Beginning in the present, a day of Mediterranean sea and sun, passing across the borders of time, the lines summon another expedition.

Where we went in the boat was a
long bay
A slingshot wide, walled in by
towering stone –

At once the high cliffs of the *calanque* have become "the peaked margin of antiquity's delay." Tate's casual summer outing takes on a new quality – "we went there out of time's monotone." The ocean "where our live forefathers sleep"; the thunder-tossed green coast of Africa; all the surroundings bring memories of Aeneas and his companions returning after Troy, bearing the phophecy of the eaten plates and the possibility that they may never reach the land they sought. A sense of the famous age, "eternal here yet hidden from our eyes," overwhelms the voyagers. Where shall they go? "We've cracked the hemispheres with careless hand!" They ask the question Venus asked of Jupiter in *The Aeneid:* "What limit do you set to their labors, Great King?", the epigraph of Tate's poem (in Latin). The voyagers must go "westward, westward till the barbarous brine/whelms us to the tired land where tasseling corn . . . fat beans rot on the vine." And here a voice of the frustrated modern being within the poet speaks: "In that land were we born." A land of richness, of power, of opportunity – but never a land of heroic greatness.

Seasons of the Soul moves beyond nostalgia, into the center of a new "dark wood" where death and violence threaten to overwhelm the values of a whole society. Written during World War II, and dedicated to his friend, the poet, John Peale Bishop (1892-1944), this is a work of such depth and richness that it rightfully belongs with such source poems of our generation as *The Waste Land,* Aiken's *The Coming Forth by Day of Osiris Jones* and Pound's *Cantos.* When it was first published in *The Kenyon Review* in 1944, Tate was deep in religious and psychological thought. From legend and history, actuality and dream, images press together in a sharpened form. There is no easy approach.

Divided into four parts – "Summer," "Autumn," "Winter," and "Spring" – these seasons of the soul do not represent divisions in time, or move with the life of man. The substance of the poem is in its whole – circular, without beginning or ending. There is no time passing, only a sense of its recurrence and futility.

An epigraph from the *Inferno* (Canto XIII) carries Dante's symbol of death by suicide – a human soul imprisoned in a tree – and suggests the tone of man's violence against himself by his own deeds, his own choices, his own decisions. Each season shows the soul of man in different incarnations; as a political figure (summer), an abandoned sufferer (autumn), a sexual being disillusioned by love (winter), a man desperately appealing before death for spiritual insight (spring).

"Summer," in short and rhymed stanzas, uses a pattern which few modern poets would attempt:

Summer, this is our flesh,
The body you let mature;
If now while the body is fresh
You take it, shall we give
The heart, lest heart endure
The mind's tattering
Blow of greedy claws?
Shall mind itself still live
If like a hunting king
It falls to the lion's jaws?

"Summer" celebrates the present, which has grown out of the past. When the body gives itself up to violence (war) must the mind and heart follow its destruction, and "fall to the lion's jaws?"

Tate moves from allegory to reality:

It was a gentle sun
When, at the June solstice
Green France was overrun
With caterpillar feet,

. . . and the consequences of war's confusion; "no head knows where its rest is," "the summer had no reason."

"Autumn" creates the dream picture of a personal hell, a narrow dreadful descent, ending in a familiar house, where he meets faces of the past, who do not recognize him –

My father, in a grey shawl,
Gave me an unseeing glint
And entered another room!

• • •

I saw my downcast mother
Clad in her street clothes,
Her blue eyes long and small.

This description of loss of identity which leads to madness, stands apart from the rest of the long poem, in its personal story – no apostrophe, no invocation, no suggestion of a voice to be answered – simply the defeated man again talking to himself.

"Winter" brings a realization of the violence man can do to his own creative impulses. He turns to ancient gods, as a last resort. The lewd goddess Venus brings only the *livid* wound of love, as against the *living* wound which he craves. All her insignia are death-dealing – a shark for a dove, hollow rind of the winter sea, and

Beyond the undertow
The gray sea-foliage

• • •

The rigid madrepore
Resists the winter's flow.

In "Spring," an "irritable" season, infusing warmth, burning but not lighting the way, there is an appeal to the "Mother of Silences." This arresting figure is identified variously as a mediaeval saint, the Virgin, or a symbol of spiritual love. Her "silences" suggest that there is no adequate answer. Nevertheless the poem ends with a passionate invocation to her, no longer ironic, needing no evasion – not even of courage.

Speak, that we may hear;
Listen, while we confess
That we conceal our fear;
Regard us, while the eye
Discerns by sight or guess
Whether, as sheep forgather
Upon their crooked knees,
We have begun to die.

Once in a symposium on religion Tate said that all his poems were about the suffering that comes from disbelief. Civilizations as well as men rise and fall as they hold fast to or lose an active faith. We need mediation between the carnal and the spiritual, between *eros* and *agape.* When man is debased into violence all human actions become evil, even love.

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Harrington on the Human Condition

by D. W. Brogan

Mr. Michael Harrington shows promise of being one of the most valuable American writers of this decade. Indeed, he has already, in his famous *The Other America*, shaken the complacent belief that all is practically for the best in the best of all possible countries, and he has cast doubts on the theory that, with a little more con-

The Accidental Century
by Michael Harrington
(Macmillan; $5.95)

sensus and some federal money, the United States will soon be paradise enow. Of course, some of the applause that *The Other America* got in Europe is due to the natural desire to find out that the Yanks had not got all this and Heaven too. But there is no doubt that Mr. Harrington shocked American complacency – and also complacency in Britain and France, at any rate among the reflective. In his new book, Mr. Harrington shows the same ability to see that the Emperor has no clothes and illuminates his thesis by some very brilliant flashes of epigrammatic style. It must hastily be said that these epigrams are not dragged in and that they do illuminate; they do not merely startle. For Mr. Harrington is one of the most effective polemical writers that the United States has known for a generation.

His new book, *The Accidental Century*, is a less unified piece of work than *The Other America;* and it is also more ambitious. *The Other America* was organized around a simple theme, the existence of great patches of poverty in the United States and the inefficacy of current remedies for the evils of this state of affairs. Concentrating on poverty, Mr. Harrington's book had a simplicity of structure which made it all the more effective.

The new book has no such simple theme and is not so well organized as the first was. In a way, this is inevitable, for Mr. Harrington is now contemplating the general human condition in the advanced world which is as dangerously unhealthy in Britain or France or West Germany as in the United States. Secondly, the illustrations are drawn from a wider range and are not all equally effective. Mr. Harrington is now concerned with doctrine. He is concerned with "alienation," a word so much overworked that one hesitates to use it and yet one has to use it. The alienation of the intellectual, of the artist, of the really religious type (as apart from the religionist) has been a great theme of our culture since the industrial revolution. The horrors of bourgeois life have been a favorite theme of bourgeois writers for more than a century. And Mr. Harrington illustrates our discomfort in our brave new world with great ingenuity and some happy statements of the causes of our present discontents.

Yet, as they say in the House of Commons, I must declare my interest. Or rather I must declare my non-interest! A quite lengthy part of this book is devoted to the evaluation of the thought and art of Thomas Mann and an explication of its relevance to our situation. I am an industrious reader and can read most things, but Thomas Mann has again and again thrown me. I have read a good deal of him under pressure from cultivated friends of mine like Erich Heller, but with little profit. It may be that we, in Britain, do not take to symbolism very easily. Metaphor, yes; symbolism, no, as I say in the manner of *The National Review*. And I don't think that Thomas Mann, even in *The Magic Mountain*, or in his allegedly picaresque comic novel *Felix Krull* illuminates much for me. Indeed, *Felix Krull* reminds me of F. S. Anstey's remark: "A German joke is no laughing matter." I think Mr. Harrington does much better with Proust, Karl Marx and Nietzsche, all of whom, in different ways, *do* illuminate our situation. We are living in a world from which air and moisture seem to have been with-

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drawn. A great artist like Proust could become, perhaps had to become, what the French call an *émigré de l'intérieur*. Nietzsche had to proclaim that God was dead. And Mr. Harrington has produced some highly prophetic and neglected writings of Marx which seem to me more applicable to our situation than the much overrated early *Notebooks* or even *Das Kapital*.

But the main value of this book does not depend on Mr. Harrington's literary illustrations. As Grover Cleveland said: "It is a condition, not a theory, that confronts us." We have got to provide ourselves with a new set of working ideas and ideals and Mr. Harrington, with great boldness, suggests that what the United States needs is socialism. By this he does not mean simply the nationalization of the means of production or the simple concentration on political control of the economy. That way Stalinism lies, for who is to control the controllers? Mr. Harrington is very firm that the modern belief that Big Business is a kind of estate of the realm that can be trusted to seek the general welfare as well as particular profits, is an illusion. He might have stated the view of Dean E. V. Rostow of the Yale Law School that it is not the business of directors of great corporations (often owning hardly any stock) to give away the profits of the stockholders even to beneficial purposes. They should not be on the job to decide what colleges, what artists, what good causes to support.

In any event, they will not do enough of it and they will not have enough of a general grasp of what is needed. Already, long removed from any "free enterprise" system, businessmen still mouth slogans and, alas, as the Goldwater campaign showed (and as my non-fan mail shows), a vast number of Americans still believe in the economics of the age of the Ole Swimmin' Hole. If only the American public had a clear idea of where it is, it might, as Lincoln suggested, know where it is going or whether it should go there.

But Mr. Harrington has an immediate concrete problem which obsesses him and which ought to obsess us. He sees a world of automation and cybernetics, into which we are now sliding backwards, presenting problems for which our ethics and our practical wisdom provide no solutions. More and more, the unskilled are becoming the economically superfluous. It is not only in Appalachia or in the Harlem slums that the young grow up in a world of despair. "Sheep are eating men," as I recall Sir Thomas More wrote more than 400 years ago! Machines are eating men or turning them out to starve spiritually, if not physically, on very meager pastures. And the notion of skill is changing. In a few years it will not be the high school dropouts who will be unemployed and unemployable; it will be a great part of the population whose sudden decline in status as well as in material well-being will face us with the development of a revolutionary situation. Or will it?

Mr. Harrington is afraid not that we will be faced with a revolutionary situation, but that we won't, that the unemployed, the never-employed, the employed used only on boondoggles to keep them quiet, will be as docile, with occasional outbursts of ill-regulated violence, as the "proles" of *1984*. The militant proletariat of Marx's prophetic imagination is probably what we need; it is by no means certain that it is what we shall get.

Mr. Harrington regrets the alleged "End of Ideology." We badly need an ideology, as we badly need a religion which is not a religion based on the ethics of scarcity or the revamping of a vaguely "Christian" ethic, such as we get in the religious pages of *Time*. Mr. Harrington has no use for the new aesthetic contempt for well-being, for the easy despair, expressed by the élites, of the moral and intellectual character of the masses. "The exaltation of man is not a blasphemy against religion, it is religion's only hope. Rootless city people trapped in a sterile, routine, yet perplexing, world will lack both the motive of hunger and that of freedom. They will thus exist in between any need for God. Atheistic humanism has much the same problem as religion." We shall have to clear our minds of a great deal of current cant, not all of it coming from what may be called the backward children of the Goldwater school, but from many forward-looking people who are, in a way, looking back as much as the Senator was. We shall have to rethink what we mean by "planning"; what we mean by production; what we mean by work; and what we will do with leisure. We shall have to reconstruct a *Gemeinschaft* in place of our *Gesellschaft*. Easier said than done! But if we do not begin to think of doing it, it will be still harder and perhaps impossible to make the necessary reconstruction, a transvaluation of values that we need.

In the course of his sermon, for it is that, Mr. Harrington takes off on a certain number of public figures. I do not think he is unjust to Miss Hannah Arendt, but he is rather unjust to Adam Smith who was, after all, a pre-industrial writer and thinker. I do not think that Mr. André Malraux was in any way affected, as Mr. Harrington seems to suggest, by General de Gaulle's "nobility." He denied that the *particule* in the General's name was a proof of or a claim to noble status. I could make other minor and pedantic points of this kind.

But the text of the sermon, repeated with ingenious variations (and very ingenious illustrations) is the same. "There is a fateful, and increasingly untrue, assumption underlying such consensus politics in America: that all problems can be solved by conciliation." President Johnson should take note of this; maybe he will.

There is perhaps only one serious omission. All the discussions have for a frame of reference the North Atlantic world, in the mass, growing daily richer. Even the water-logged island of Britain is growing richer! But outside the North Atlantic community, with outposts like Australia and Japan and with a rival center of material well-being in the Soviet Union, lies the great mass of the underdeveloped or backward or simply poor nations. There are vast Appalachias, vast Harlems. They are getting poorer relatively, and often, absolutely. We cannot solve their problems if we do not solve our own. But we cannot solve our own, and so obviously Christian a prophet as Mr. Harrington must agree, if we do not see to it, not leaving the greater part of the human race by the roadside while we, like the Priest and the Levite, solve our problems and let someone else – from outer space, perhaps – play the Good Samaritan.

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Rococo and Roll

by Joseph Epstein

When the dust finally settles, when Norman Mailer grows quite as white-maned and tame as Carl Sandburg, when *The New Yorker* ceases to print stories by Indian women about their quiet, subtle little adventures in the menstrual huts of Bombay, Mr. Tom (no relation) Wolfe will have achieved for himself a special footnote in the literary history of our time for recording the following line:

The Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby
by Tom Wolfe
(Farrar, Straus and Giroux; $5.50)

"Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee"

Is this the authentic sound of modern man when, as Saul Bellow says, "night comes and he feels like howling from his window like a wolf"? Is it, quite literally, an existential groan? Does it in any way at all speak to the human condition? Not exactly. It is, in fact, the noise that issues from the throat of a certain young woman named Baby Jane Holzer as she responds to the music of the Rolling Stones. Mrs. Holzer, Wolfe informs us, is the girl of the year (last year, that is), and the Rolling Stones are modeled after the Beatles, "only more lower-class-deformed."

Baby Jane Holzer, the Rolling Stones, Cassius Clay, Customized Cars, Disc Jockeys, Demolition Derbies, Huntington Hartford, Las Vegas, Stock-Car Racing – these are some of the subjects of Wolfe's first collection of articles and essays, *The Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby*, a title which, if set to the appropriate music, should serve admirably as the entire lyric of a popular song. Although he has also written estimable hatchet jobs on Norman Mailer and on *The New Yorker*, these presumably are little more than side interests, like Winston Churchill's painting or Hermann Goering's penchant for women. Wolfe's real beat is the American freakshow: the teenage netherworld, lower-class sports, and the poor rich.

Wolfe can get pretty exotic himself. Although he sports a doctorate from Yale in something called American Studies, he comes on, as the fellows in American Studies might say, very hip. As a titlist of flamboyance he is without peer in the Western world. His prose style is normally shotgun baroque, sometimes edging over into machine-gun rococo, as in his article on Las Vegas, which begins by repeating the word "hernia" fifty-seven times, or in this, the opening of his piece on Mrs. Holzer:

"Bangs manes bouffants beehives Beatle caps butter faces brush-on lashes decal eyes puffy sweaters French thrust bras flailing leather blue jeans stretch pants stretch jeans honeydew bottoms eclair shanks elf boots ballerinas Knight slippers,

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hundreds of them, these flaming little buds, bobbing and screaming, rocketing around inside the Academy of Music Theater underneath that vast old mouldering cherub dome up there – aren't they supermarvelous!"

Wolfe is perhaps most fatiguing when writing about the lower classes. Here he becomes Dr. Wolfe, Department of American Studies, and what he finds attractive about the lower orders, as has many an intellectual slummer before him, is their vitality. At bottom, what is involved here is worship of the Noble Savage. (Wary of precisely this sort of worship, George Orwell once reminded the members of the Left-Wing Book Club that one thing they ought to keep in mind about the lower classes is that they smell.)

In its purest form the hymn to the Noble Savage has been best sung by Jack Kerouac. "At lilac evening," Kerouac wrote in *On the Road*, "I walked with every muscle aching among the lights of 27th and Welton in the Denver colored section, wishing I were a Negro, feeling that the best the white world afforded was not enough ecstasy for me, not enough life, joy, kicks, darkness, music, not enough night." (James Baldwin has remarked that if Kerouac isn't getting enough night, he ought to come down to Harlem and read this particular passage from the stage of the Apollo Theater.) Wolfe never gets quite so naked about it, but he too can strike a note of supreme reverse condescension.

One of his best methods for doing so is to put that doctorate to work. In an essay on customized cars and their designers, for example, he writes: "If you study the works of Barris or Cushenberry . . . or Ed Roth or Darryl Starbird, can you beat that name?, I think you come up with a fragment of art history." There follows a discussion of customized cars in which Mondrian, Brancusi, Tiepolo, the Bauhaus Movement, Regency architecture, and the Apollonian and Dionysian life-style are hauled in – all in the most casual manner, of course. The customized car designers are decidedly Dionysian, we learn, and Dr. Wolfe's own predilections run that way as well. But the great thing, you see, is that these poor slobs, these wonderful primitives tinkering away in a great tradition in their garages in L.A., have never even heard of Dionysus!

Wolfe is much better when he leaves the Noble Savages lie, and best of all when he writes about New York City. Here he drops his studied spontaneity, eases up on the rococo, slips his doctorate, and takes on the tone of the reasonably feeling New Yorker who has not yet been knocked insensate by the clatter of that city – the tone, that is, of exasperation. He believes Pavlov has more of value to say about New York than Freud. He himself can work up a ferocious hate for the place and, it seems to me, for all the right reasons. These are best put in an essay entitled "The Big League Complex":

"New York more than any other city in the world probably is the city full of rich big shots – the rich, the celebrated, the glamorous. That is only half the story, however. There, at the top, are the *glamorosi* locked in the battle for the big prizes and the status. And there, at the bottom, are millions of people . . . through whom the status feeling is racing like a rogue hormone. Much of what is chalked off as New York's rudeness, aggressiveness or impersonal treatment is in fact nothing more than some poor bastard convinced that he is in a "big-league" town, trying to put a little extra spin on his delivery."

Like a seasoned umpire trying to detect spitballs, Wolfe keeps a keen – and humorous – eye out for the source of that extra little spin. Inevitably it does turn out to be status. In "The Secret Vice," an essay on men's custom tailoring and the mania for the marginal differences that go into it, he tells of Ross, a New York lawyer who sees the world divided into two classes of men: "men with suits whose buttons are just sewn onto the sleeve, just some kind of cheapie decoration, or – yes! – men who can unbutton the sleeve at the wrist because they have real buttonholes and the sleeve really buttons up." In "The Woman Who Has Everything," which is about the sad life of rich young divorcees in New York, we learn of Kounovsky's Gym, where "one goes into the cloak room and checks clothes labels for a while and, eventually, runs into some girl who has found a *new* place, saying, this is my last time here, I've found a place where you *really have to take a shower afterwards*." Or in "The Voices of Village Square," where Wolfe nails down the young men who today – any day – can be found walking the streets of Greenwich Village:

"Half of them . . . look like the sort of kids who graduated in 1961 from Haverford, Hamilton or some other college of the genre known as Threadneedle Ivy and went to live in New York City. Here they participate in discussions denouncing our IBM civilization, the existing narcotics laws, tailfins and suburban housing developments, and announce to girls that they are Searching. Frankly, they are all lonesome and hung up on the subject of girls in New York. They all have a vision of how one day they are going to walk into some place, usually a second-hand bookstore on Bleecker Street west of Sixth Avenue, and there is going to be a girl in there with pre-Raphaelite hair, black leotards and a lambskin coat. Their eyes will meet, their minds will meet – you know, Searching, IBM civilization and all that, and then – – ."

Sometimes the whole thing takes on real pathos, and Wolfe captures one instance of it in a brief, touching piece called "Putting Daddy On." Daddy in this case is a New York advertising executive named Parker whose son Ben has suddenly left Columbia in his jun-

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ior year and moved into a cold-water flat on the Lower East Side. Parker is what Wolfe calls a casualty of the Information Crisis; he knows everything there is to know about human motivation, from Sir James Frazer through Rose Franzblau. He simply understands everyone's motives, his own included, which, Wolfe tells us, he has a "tendency to talk about and revile."

Together with Wolfe, Parker goes to visit his son, whom he refers to as "a flipnik." At the flat he can't get a straight word out of the kid – not even when he tells him his mother cries herself to sleep every night praying for him – and it gradually becomes clear that what Ben loathes, the sum and substance of his rebellion, is his father's whole mode of life: that of the man who is aware of everything yet resigned to everything – a true New Yorker. Earlier in the piece, Wolfe catches the type exactly in a few lines:

"Parker is wearing a brown Chesterfield and a Madison Avenue crash helmet. Madison Avenue crash helmet is another of Parker's terms. It refers to the kind of felt hat that is worn with a crease down the center and no dents in the sides, a sort of homburg with a flanged brim. He calls it a Madison Avenue crash helmet and then wears one."

The Kandy-Kolored etc., etc., also includes eighteen of Wolfe's drawings in a section called Metropolitan Sketchbook. They are all caricatures of urban types, and some are extraordinarily good, especially the one captioned "The Suburban Bohemians, show the world that despite baby, hubby, and mortgage and the breezeway, they are still . . . *hip.*" A few pages in this section are given over to teenage male hairdos. One, a combination of the flat top and the ducktail, is referred to as the "Chicago Boxcar." It seems worth pointing out that in Chicago this same hairdo is designated a "Detroit."

Lermontov Seen Plain

by Robert Payne

In spite of the fact that translators have been at work for the last four or five thousand years, we seem to be no closer to discovering the rules of the game. Perhaps there are no rules; perhaps indeed the rules, if they exist, are permanently in abeyance, so that even if we discover them, they will prove to be useless because translators have never been conscious of them. They work by rules of thumb, which are not necessarily rules which apply to the intelligence, the thumb being at some distance from the cortex of the brain. So the first rule might be: Exclude the rules of thumb. The second rule might well be: The task of the translator is to provide a mirror-image of the original work uncolored by his own sentiments, his own way of looking at the world. He should be transparent, impersonal, not stained glass, but white glass, letting the sunlight come through.

A Lermontov Reader
edited and translated by Guy Daniels
(Macmillan; $6.50)

These reflections arise from a recent perusal of some forty translations submitted to the PEN club for its annual prize. The trouble so often was that the translations were oddly lacking in the qualities which made the original text noteworthy. The excitement had vanished. Crystal cups were reproduced in mahogany; humming birds became sparrows; delicate grapes were transformed into over-ripe plums. While keeping reasonably faithful to the texts, the translators succeeded in coloring the original work with their highly colored egos. Nabokov, translating Pushkin, predictably made Pushkin sound like Nabokov. It was not quite fair. He had, after all, promised to perform a miracle; he provided a vast compendium of notes which tell us far more about Nabokov than we ever expected to know, denounced all previous translators as nincompoops, and no one was left in doubt that he, Nabokov, was the sole repository of the Pushkin

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spirit in our age. Also, he produced a mouse; and we are no nearer the ultimate, authoritative translation of *Evgeny Onegin.* We gave the prize to Joseph Barnes for his translation of Konstantin Paustovsky's *The Story of a Life,* because the translator was wonderfully transparent and impersonal and the original came through with such immediate effect that it seemed not to be a translation at all. Joseph Barnes had performed an act of devotion and humility.

Such translations are rare, and we cannot hope for more than one or two a year. Now comes Guy Daniels' translation of Lermontov, and the miracle has been repeated. There is no fanfare. Here, quite simply, the best of Lermontov has been gathered together in lucid and transparent translation, and for the first time in English we see him plain. Only one work of importance has been omitted, the famous *A Hero of Our Times,* and this has been done deliberately, to bring out the essential characteristics of the poet's accomplishment, which have little enough to do with that happy and scandalous *roman à clef.*

What Guy Daniels has done has never been attempted before. He gives the whole man. He selects wisely among the poems. In addition there are complete translations of the novel, *Princess Ligovskaya,* which introduces the merciless Pechorin for the first time, and the play *A Strange One,* written when Lermontov was twenty-one, which provides the clue to nearly everything that followed. *The Song about Tsar Ivan Vasilyevich* and *The Tambov Treasurer's Wife* are given in full, and there is a long fragment from the almost untranslatable *Mtsyri,* which is perhaps the most beautiful of all his works. There are some twenty more poems and a sensible down-to-earth introduction. The effect is one of vivid colors glowing in the radiance of a superbly lyrical mind.

No one like Lermontov had ever appeared before, and no one like him appeared again. He has an effortless soaring brilliance and a ferocious dedication to freedom, which in one way or another becomes the subject of all his poems. It is a tribute to Mr. Daniels' quiet skill that he can convey both the brilliance and the ferocity with equal

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ease in verses which are accurate renderings of the original, and at the same time exist as English poems in their own right. Here, for example, is his version of Lermontov's *Prophecy:*

A year will come – for Russia, a black year –
When the crown so many tsars have worn, will fall;
The mob will lose the love it had for them,
And multitudes will feed on blood and death.

The law, thrown over, will no longer shield
The little children and the chaste young wives;
And Plague, from stinking bodies of the dead
Will roam the streets of mourning villages,
And silently call victims from their homes;
And Hunger's teeth will tear at this poor land;
And reddening skies will make the rivers red.

On that day will appear a powerful man.
And you will know him, and will understand
Why in his grasp he holds a shining knife.
And woe to you! Your weeping and your groans
Will only make him laugh. And everything
About him will be frightening and dark,
Like his black cloak, beneath his towering brow.

Very rarely has a Russian poem been translated into English with such precise and luminous passion. So often the passion is the first casualty, mangled beyond recognition because the translator has preferred to introduce his own passions, his own colors, his own sense of what the poem should be about. But here at last is Lermontov to the life: and for this, and for much more, we should be properly grateful.

What Young People Are In For

by Irvin Faust

The Young People Problem is everybody's parlor game, from Welcome Wagon Ladies to Athletes for Christian Living. Trouble is most players are either kooks, know-nothings, half-truthers or good guys who are just a half or a whole generation late. Into this mess steps Dr. Donald N. Michael, a Harvard, U-of-Chicago-trained social scientist with awesome credentials,

The Next Generation
by Donald N. Michael
(Random House; $6.95)

who in *The Next Generation* clearly, courageously and authoritatively pictures the titanic forces that will be whipping young people all over the lot for the next twenty years. He also saves the power people a great deal of trouble – if they read him – by telling them which forces are irresistible and which ones they have a reasonable chance to handle. He does this concisely and readably with little of the nonsensical jargon peculiar to professional reports. Neatly he ties future to present to immediate nasty past.

Ever since Hiroshima we've had the cold shudders about what we're caught up in; Dr. Michael puts the social psychologist's stamp of certification on our prospects: a cybernated future, too pluralistic perhaps to become a 1984, but with Orwellian overtones; an over-reliance on engineering-scientific solutions to problems; an élitist superstructure, with the researcher, the economist, the bridger-of-disciplines running the show. Life will become a very fast treadmill; the Negro and other have-nots will run harder and faster, get more, and fall further behind. As we read on and compare actuality – what the social scientists call face validity – with authoritative analysis, we shiver like kids at the horror show and turn pages for more.

Ironically, the book itself is a beauti-

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fully tooled example of one of those troubling prospects. For Michael has gathered about him his own élitist superstructure in compiling this report. Some forty-eight authorities (with a seven-man nucleus) ranging from David Riesman to Daniel Bell to Sterling McMurrin deliberated, reacted, advised and – with Dr. Michael's midwifery and final responsibility – produced this book. Here I think lies the germ of its one weakness: the lack of immediacy, of never getting down into the guts of the youth-world.

For example, a school psychologist, a principal, or even a perceptive National Merit winner (or loser) could have told the experts that not only is the gap widening between underprivileged and favored schools, but in the *favored* schools the gap is widening between good and poor students. A psychiatric social worker could have told them that these poor students, locked out by college-worshiping peer groups and curricula, tied to the bottom of the deadly track system, are forming the hard core of middle and upper-middle-class delinquency. A counselor could have noted that guidance is not exclusively vocational but is a necessary service to foster and support individual integrity in increasingly departmentalized, centrifugally-powered schools. Firing-line personnel would wonder why a book concerned with the youth of today and tomorrow doesn't ask about the future of testing.

Despite the omissions, the aura of detached expertise, *The Next Generation* emerges as a valuable, often an important book. Perhaps we are depressed and upset by it, but we are also left with a curious sense of power and possibility. A sense that we not only can, but must do the job. That *youth* can do the job. It is part of the book's cool, objective strength that it leaves us asking, even more insistently than the author: In this terrible-magnificent society we're constructing for our children – where precedent is downright laughable – how in the world can we finally reach all their power and potential?

FILMS

July Roundup

The Winner
(Gillmor-Kingsley)
Harvey Middleman, Fireman
(Columbia)
The Ipcress File
(Universal)
The Sandpiper
(M-G-M)

The reputation of François Reichenbach, the young French director, had so far preceded him to America that two of his films were on the list that I asked the French Film Office to show me in Paris last summer. One of them was the film now released as *The Winner*. It has been given an English sound track – principally narration but with some lip-synchronization, all of which is rather fancily called "transonics." The English makes it clearer to one whose French is feeble (although every word was not essential to understanding the picture), but does not make it better.

It is the story of a young Senegalese who comes to Paris to be a boxer and is made in documentary style, but it is obviously not a documentary. Much of it has been staged – or at least arranged. (We need a term for these films more urgently than we need "transonics" for dubbing. Perhaps cinema-verité-manqué?) We see him – not in chronological sequence – arriving in Paris, finding poor lodgings, living solitarily, training, working to support himself, trying to pick up a Japanese girl in a park, preparing for his big fight, losing the fight (a well-composed episode). There are effective moments throughout because of the appealing person of Abdoulaye Faye, the boxer, who plays himself: a conversation in a railway compartment about his prospects with French girls, a session with a fortune-teller, a vision of Michele Morgan. But the film is not an organism, it is a collection of wisps and patches, some of which are interesting, built to no new insight on the familiar themes of the provincial in the city or the poor youth trying to rise through sport. There are not even many variations because, in this case, he is a black provincial. Reichenbach does not show here or in the other film that I saw (about his American travels) any more than superficial originality. He gets reasonably attractive ideas but has neither the eye nor the mind nor the structural sense to render them forcefully.

Noelle Gillmor, who used to write excellent subtitles, was responsible for the new sound-track, which is generally adequate but runs into moments that hyper-italicize the difficulties of dubbing. When the Senegalese is talking with the Japanese girl in a Paris park, he says to her, "How well you speak English."

A bad film is not always depressing; but it is when we had reason to hope – especially when it is an effort by an American of demonstrated gifts to break out of studio orbits. Ernie Pintoff, who made such sharp cartoon shorts as *The Critic* and *The Interview*, has made his first feature film with actors, called *Harvey Middleman, Fireman*, and it is an almost unrelieved disaster. One keeps asking throughout: Where is Pintoff? Where are the wit, the enmity of cliché, the comment on foible and fable?

It is a color film (bad color) about a New York fireman who lives in a Jersey suburb with his wife and children, a home-happy man. One day in Manhattan he rescues a good-looking babe from a small blaze in her apartment and begins an affair. He is discomfited by the situation. At last, after another blaze, another fireman rescues her and takes over, and Harvey can return to cozy domesticity.

It is all, quite literally, pointless. One suspects that it was intended as a parody of Chayefsky – Honest Joe Blow, who is really Joe Blowhard, overweening about his middleness; but this is not fulfilled. Then one hopes it is going to be a satire on the uncomfortable corners of the triangle; that is not fulfilled. Then Harvey has a series of scenes with a marriage counselor (Hermione Gingold) which one hopes will

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skin a few cats; that is certainly not fulfilled.

The picture's only pleasure is in the performance of Harvey by Gene Troobnick, of the Second City cabaret troupe. He is simple, likable, doughily strong, with an ease that makes life on the screen. With a better script he might have given us a "little man" who stopped for a while the fictional march of "little men."

The Ipcress File is a British spy film from a novel by Len Deighton. It would be unfair to say that it is copied from Ian Fleming, but its tone, its material of international hugger-mugger, its leading character, certainly benefit from Fleming's popularity. It is too long and moves too slowly – particularly at the beginning; and its director, Sidney J. Furie, is addicted to distracting trick shots (through the cymbals of a band tympanist, through a pair of spectacles lying on the floor). But the script by Bill Canaway and James Doran is sufficiently clever, with sufficiently crisp dialogue, to compensate fairly well for the too-pregnant pauses and the inevitable lacunae in logic. Michael Caine is good as the Bondsman with a lower-class accent. In fact the interplay of class distinctions, between officers and subordinates, is used cleverly in this generally entertaining thriller.

Irene Sharaff, the costume designer, is starring in a lush and lengthy film called *The Sandpiper*, in which her clothes are worn by Elizabeth Taylor, who now looks too dumpy to do them justice. Also in the film is Richard Burton, whose costumes have been designed by the Protestant Episcopal Church. But not his behavior. He is a married clergyman, the head of a boys' school near Carmel, California, to which Miss Taylor, a free-thinking artist, is forced by the law to send her illegitimate son. The inevitable, not to say predictable, happens. At the end, both are sadder, though they do not seem capable of being wiser.

There is a lot of up-to-date emancipated talk and action. Miss Taylor is proud of her son, unashamed that she paid her way through art school with her body, poses nude for a sculptor (which we not-quite see); we hear chat about atheism and sexual morality. All this is meant to make it ultra-modern,

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but it is all window-dressing on a Victorian romance about a pair who Sin although they Truly Love but who Grow through the experience. Martin Ransohoff, who wrote the story and who produced, may never have heard of Henry Arthur Jones' *Michael and His Lost Angel* (1896), but that play is what his film, despite its spanking modernity, reminded me of. (Let us not even mention *The Scarlet Letter.*)

When I saw the picture, the audience greeted Burton's first appearance – in the cloth – with hoots, doubtless for extraneous reasons. But the hoots, which continued sporadically throughout, were otherwise merited.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

RECORDS

Some Beethoven Interpreters

Those who didn't hear the performance of Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 4 that Toscanini broadcast with the NBC Symphony on November 26, 1944, with Serkin as soloist can hear it now on RCA Victor LM-2797 (mono only). It was part of a Beethoven series that included also the Concerto No. 3 with Arthur Rubinstein's playing in a style more suitable for Chopin, and the Concerto No. 1 with Ania Dorfmann's playing in no style at all; and I therefore wrote at the time that although Serkin's playing lacked the subtle articulation and inflection of Schnabel's, it at least had a vigor which gave it relevance to Beethoven's music and Toscanini's treatment of the orchestral part. Hearing it now again hasn't changed that evaluation; and I therefore report that the new Victor record is only for the person interested in Toscanini's superb conducting of the orchestral part, and that for a distinguished performance of the piano part, one must acquire the Electrola record with Schnabel's performance or the Victor record with Cliburn's.

The subtleties of Schnabel's playing that I just mentioned add up to one of his most beautiful performances, in the infrequently heard, but very attractive early sonata of Beethoven – Op. 22, on Angel COLH-55 (mono only). But Op. 26, on the reverse side, offers an example of an unfortunate Schnabel practice: his inflation of the expressive content of the graceful flow of the opening variation movement by means of a slower tempo than the prescribed andante and an intensifying inflection, in an attempt to make it more weighty, but with the result of making it pretentious and less attractive. In the opening movement of the Sonata Op. 27 No. 2 (known as the *Moonlight*), on COHL-56, Schnabel does the opposite, offering a quiet and unemphatic and wonderfully right andante statement of it in place of the usual sentimentalized one in the prescribed adagio tempo. But he ends this sonata with an example of the blurred and shapeless finale he occasionally produced with a tempo too fast for his technique. The record has in addition good performances of the less interesting Op. 27 No. 1 and another fine early sonata that is heard less frequently than it should be, the D-Major Sonata Op. 28 (*Pastoral*). All are reproduced well.

The engaging English music for harpsichord that Igor Kipnis plays on Epic 3898 (mono) includes a few pieces I don't recall hearing before – Farnaby's *Loath to Depart*, Byrd's *The Queen's Alman*, Bull's *Queen Elizabeth's Pavin* – which I find highly impressive. And impressive too are the finely articulated performances on Kipnis's delicate-toned instrument.

Continuing the Archive series of Bach's organ music played by Walcha, Deutsche Grammophon ARC-3206 (mono) offers three of the late preludes and fugues, of which the ones in E minor (BWV 548) and C (547) are impressive pieces of construction, and the one in B minor (544) in addition a powerful and affecting musical utterance. With them is the early Prelude and Fugue in F minor (534). The excellent performances on the organ of St. Laurenswerk, Alkmaar, are reproduced with occasional blurring of texture by reverberation.

The leisurely performance of Mozart's poignantly lovely Quintet K.581 for clarinet and strings by de Peyer and members of the Melos Ensemble, on Angel 36241 (mono), is made notable by the ear-ravishing tone that de Peyer inflects so sensitively in the clarinet's phrases. The reverse side has the minor but engaging Trio K.498 for clarinet, viola and piano.

The highly individual writing of Ernest Bloch eventually lost, for me, the impressiveness it had had for a number of years; and hearing, after a long interval, Isaac Stern's performances of *Baal Shem* and the Violin Sonata No. 1, on Columbia ML-6117 (mono), I found myself convinced and moved again by *Vidui* and *Nigun* of *Baal Shem*, but less interested by the sonata, and not at all by *Simchas Torah* of *Baal Shem*. Stern's performances with the pianist Alexander Zakin are excellent.

Von Karajan conducts the superb Berlin Philharmonic in a satisfying performance of Berlioz's *Symphonie Fantastique*, on Deutsche Grammophon 18- and 138-964, and in brilliantly effective performances of Debussy's *La*

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Mer (except for the explosive kettledrum at the beginning of the second part of the first movement) and *Prelude à l'Après-midi d'un Faune*, on 18- and 138-923, which have also Ravel's *Daphnis et Chloé* Suite.

The Berlin Philharmonic of 1947 plays superbly under Furtwaengler, on D.G. 18-960 (mono only), in a performance of Strauss's *Don Juan* which remains coherent even with the traditional changes of tempo that aren't in the score, and in one of *Till Eulenspiegel* that is made erratic and discontinuous by the excessive slowing down at one moment and the excessive speeding up at the next. These are well reproduced, as the straightforward performances of Mozart's *Figaro* and *Seraglio* Overtures and the fussy one of *Eine kleine Nachtmusik* are not.

The music of Mozart that is least familiar to the public is the large number of dances and marches, of which London CM-9412 and CS-6412 offer the Contredanses K.267 and 462, the German Dances K.501 and 567, and the Marches K.215 and K.408 No. 1. They are engaging pieces with occasional passages of especially beautiful writing, and are excellently performed by Willy Boskovsky with the Vienna Mozart Ensemble.

One of Hindemith's more attractive pieces, his *Symphonic Metamorphosis on Themes by Weber*, and the engaging Dohnanyi Suite Op. 19 also get excellent performances by Milton Katims and the Seattle Symphony on a record issued by the orchestra.

The steady and powerful tenor voice of Richard Tucker hasn't the ease of production and flow and the luster and warmth I like to hear in Verdi's music, and his robust singing gets to be monotonous; but those who aren't disturbed by these things will enjoy his performances of the ten Verdi arias on Columbia ML-6068 and MS-6668. They include some of the best of the familiar ones – *"Ah si, ben mio"* from *Il Trovatore*," *"Parmi veder le lagrime"* from *Rigoletto*, *"Quando le sere al placido"* from *Luisa Miller* – and three unfamiliar ones from *I Lombardi*, *I Due Foscari* and *I Vespri Siciliani*, all good, but *"Giorno di pianto"* from *I Vespri* outstanding. The performances with the Vienna State Opera orchestra under the direction of Santi are recorded with excessive resonance.

A new recording of Verdi's amazing final achievement, his *Four Sacred Pieces*, on Deutsche Grammophon 18- and 138-962, offers beautiful singing and playing by the Chorus and Orchestra of the Florence May Festival under Ettore Gracis's direction. Most amazing is the *Te Deum*, which has some of Verdi's most overwhelmingly beautiful writing; and I prefer Giulini's more animated performance of it, with the even finer orchestral playing of the Philharmonia, on the Angel record of a year ago.

B. H. HAGGIN

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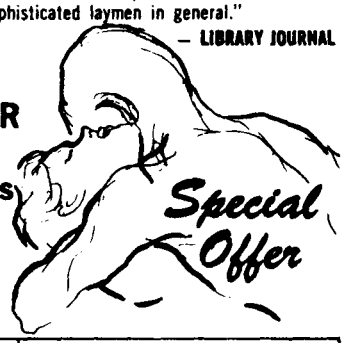

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ART

Stuart Davis In Memoriam

Of much more immediate importance and probably of more long-range importance as well than the Festival of Arts at the White House last month was the opening of a big and bright memorial exhibition of the paintings of Stuart Davis at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington (now on tour). The Festival may or may not be repeated – at some point in its advance publicity the word "first" disappeared – but the brilliant show at the Smithsonian was indeed the first of a long line of exhibitions scheduled with varying degrees of firmness at the ancient Institution. It is also the first really solid evidence of the American government's interest in American art for its own sweet sake since the end of the WPA and the Treasury Department's program a full generation ago.

Stuart Davis Memorial Exhibition
Art Institute of Chicago after July 30.
Whitney Museum, New York
after September 14.
University of California, Los Angeles
after October 31.

Since that time, the early years of World War II, the main focus of official interest in art has been as a propaganda device to show foreign countries what a cultured bunch we are. Right after the war the pattern was set by Senator William Benton, then an undersecretary of state, who bought a collection of American paintings and sent them touring through Europe. In Prague the collection was encountered by another American export product, the party of junketing Congressmen. Horrified at American money being spent on purposes other than congressional comfort and convenience, they effected a serious and long-lasting modification of the program begun by Benton: Henceforth American art for propaganda purposes would be borrowed, not bought, by the propaganda apparatus. The pictures in Benton's show were sold as distress merchandise – Edith Halpert, who operates as a cheerful avenging angel in this field, has calculated that if the State Department had hung on it could have realized a profit on the pictures of around 1,000 percent, which wouldn't have been bad at all – and the American government, at the moment of its becoming the premiere government in the world reversed the normal relationship between art and authority: whereas most rulers, from the Pharaoh to the commissars, have spent money on their country's art, the American Administrations from Truman to Johnson have free-loaded on that art.

One important implication of the Stuart Davis show is that the free load is over. The government has reached the stage, however painfully, of being willing to pay its way in art. The instrument of this new willingness is interesting in itself. It is the National Collection of Fine Arts, an ancient subdivision of the Smithsonian newly come to life, or come back to life, and giving every promise of becoming an American equivalent of the Tate in London, that is, the institutional manifestation of a nation's interest in its own art, as contrasted with its interest in the history of art at large. In London as in Washington that latter interest is provided for by the National Gallery. Until the National Collection's new life, Washington had no such vehicle as the Tate.

The reason for this I can only ascribe to the well-known debilitating effects of the loss of identity as studied in primitive tribes and in modern megalopolis. What is now the National Collection of Fine Arts was, through the first half century or so of its existence, called the National Gallery of Art. When Mr. Mellon gave his superb collection to the nation, his advisor, Lord Duveen, was quite firm on what to call it. The Mellon collection could only be the National Gallery of Art, because that's the way it is in London. The pictures and their keepers who already had that name were made by Congress into the National Collection and spent the next 20 years gibbering around like Homeric ghosts in search of a soul.

The soul has been found. Its name is David Scott, new director of the National Collection. In the year or so since his appointment, Scott has brought the collection to life in a way completely unexpected to people familiar with the staid old galleries tucked away behind the largest elephant ever stuffed. The pictures from those old galleries have been stashed into storage and it's a safe bet they will never emerge in quite the numbers they had before. There were some extremely dubious attributions, especially among the Europeans, but beyond that the National Collection under Scott has embarked on a deliberate re-creation of itself as an American presence in the American capital. Under act of Congress, it is in the process of reconverting one of the few fine examples of classical architecture in Washington, the Old Patent Office Building, until recently occupied by the Civil Service Commission, into a new home for itself and for a new National Portrait Gallery. It is actively, if quietly, pursuing several of the great private collections of American art. Its immediate plans include a comprehensive showing of the huge Catlin collection given to the Smithsonian following the painter's death, and possibly a show of Charles Sheeler.

All of this represents a complete change from the past. The Smithsonian has long been known as the nation's attic and the name has been far from fair. In addition to accepting for display so many diverse donations, the Institution has also financed vast research projects all over the world under its general charter to increase the sum of man's knowledge. The problem

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Katherine Garrison Chapin *is the author of* The Other Journey. D. W. Brogan *is a British expert on the US. His book,* American Aspects, *was published last winter.* Joseph Epstein *is a free-lance writer who lives in the South.* Robert Payne *has written extensively on Russian life. His newest book,* The Rise and Fall of Stalin, *will be published in the fall.* Irvin Faust, *a counselor at a Long Island high school, is the author of* Roar, Lion, Roar.

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with art in the Smithsonian is that increasing man's knowledge about it isn't really what's needed; hence, very little has been done. The National Gallery and the Freer Gallery have been gifts to the nation and neither one has been predominantly concerned with American art. The Institution's excellent print collection has grown up as a sideline to its instructive display on printing methods. With David Scott and with the new secretary of the whole Institution, Dillon Ripley, the outlook has changed dramatically. Besides the Patent Office, the Institution has just acquired, from the President, the old Court of Claims, the original Corcoran Gallery building, across from the White House, next door to Blair House, for use as a museum of American crafts, design and art, with the special purpose of making such exhibits readily available to distinguished foreign visitors.

As a signal and exemplar of the new life in the National Collection, Scott, his assistant, Harry Lowe, and his consultant, Adelyn Breeskin, could hardly have chosen a better American artist than Stuart Davis. He died last year on the eve of his seventieth birthday and he is right at the center of the flowering of American art in our century, modern and international, yet American to the bone. Davis was born into the Ash Can School, several of whose most prominent members worked for his father on papers in Philadelphia and Newark. He was a late adolescent exhibitor in the Armory Show and his mature painting does truly combine the strains of French cubism with the American street-scene vitality of Sloan, Luks and Glackens, the teachers by example of his childhood. The joint is jumping in a Davis picture, from the title – "Rapt at Rappaport's," or "Ohw in San Pao" – to the hot contrasts between color-spaces defined by a flowing line, to the bright confetti-spots with which he sometimes enlivened an area. Street forms are translated into the highest art: from neon to gas-pumps. There is a pulsing, good-natured, casual, controlled American vitality in every painting. We are indeed a new world, different in kind from our parent Europe. The difference is nowhere more delightfully evident than in the art of Stuart Davis.

FRANK GETLEIN

Correspondence

Structural Unemployment?

Sirs:

The article by Professor James Tobin ("What is the Lesson of 1929?" June 19) repeats a misrepresentation which seems to have become habitual among certain economists who have been associated with the Council of Economic Advisers in recent years. Professor Tobin writes:

> "In the spring of 1961 Chairman [William McChesney] Martin told Congress that unemployment was structural, that it could not be reduced by more spending except at serious risk of bottlenecks and inflation."

The record of the hearings before the Congressional Joint Economic Committee in March, 1961, to which Professor Tobin presumably refers, shows that the following is what Chairman Martin actually said:

> "Although expansion of demands for almost all types of goods and services is *clearly appropriate* in the present economic setting, government measures geared to specific causes of unemployment can *also* contribute countercyclically to employment adjustments in this setting. It was for this reason that I suggested a number of possible *additional* measures which might open up new job opportunities and curtail the hardship and distress stemming from *structural* unemployment. In calling attention to the problems of *structural* unemployment, it was not at all my intention to suggest priorities in terms of remedial measures. I see no inconsistency in proposing that responsible policies be pursued simultaneously, on the one hand, *to stimulate the economy*, reverse the downdrift in economic activity, and *decrease cyclical unemployment*, and, on the other hand, to alleviate unemployment resulting from structural changes. *Indeed, I believe that we should pursue both courses of action.*" (Emphasis added.)

Thus, Chairman Martin clearly recognized in this statement – as he had in an earlier statement before the same committee – that *part* of the unemployment problem was *cyclical* in origin, while asserting that another *part* of it was *structural* in origin; and he was advocating a two-pronged approach to deal with both aspects. One need not agree with everything that Chairman Martin has ever written, spoken or done to deplore Professor Tobin's misrepresentation of the views that Mr. Martin expressed in 1961.

In this connection, it is worthwhile to recall that in 1961 Professor Tobin and his fellow members of the Council of Economic Advisers were taking the position that *all* of the "excess" unemployment of the time (*i.e.*, that part in excess of 4 percent of the labor force) was due *solely* to an insufficiency of aggregate demand. It was this diagnosis which led the Council to make its famous prediction in the 1962 *Economic Report:* that if the expansion then under way continued, and if Congress would help it out by passing an investment credit bill, then the unemploy-

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ment rate would be down to 4 percent by mid-1963. The expansion continued and Congress passed the proposed bill on schedule, but when mid-1963 arrived the unemployment rate was 5.6 percent – 40 percent higher than the Council's prediction. It is also worth noting that despite the $150 billion expansion in annual public and private spending since 1961 to which Professor Tobin refers the promised 4 percent unemployment rate still lies somewhere beyond the receding horizon.

Charles C. Killingsworth
University Professor of
Labor and Industrial Relations
Michigan State University
East Lansing, Michigan

In reply . . .

I regret that I gave the impression, which is indeed unfair to Chairman Martin, that he regarded *all* unemployment in March 1961 as structural. But I do not think that I misrepresented the spirit of his testimony to the Joint Economic Committee at that time.

His statement to the Committee on March 7, 1961 did suggest strongly that he regarded structural changes, rather than deficiencies in aggregate demand, as the major causes of the rise in unemployment rates over the preceding 5 to 10 years. He said:

"The problem of structural unemployment is manifest in the higher total of those left unemployed after each wave of the three most recent business cycles, and in the idleness of many West Virginia coal miners, eastern and mid-western steel and auto workers, west coast aircraft workers, and like groups, in good times as well as bad.

"To have important effect, attempts to reduce structural unemployment by massive monetary and fiscal stimulation of overall demands would have to be carried to such lengths as to create serious new problems of inflationary character – at a time when consumer prices already are at a record high.

"While the unemployment that arises from cyclical causes should prove only temporary, there are, however, forces at work that have produced another, structural type of unemployment that is worse, in that it already has proved to be indefinitely persistent – even in periods of unprecedented general prosperity."

Chairman Martin supported his diagnosis by referring to the concentration of unemployment in certain industries, regions, and types of workers.

The previous day the Council of Economic Advisers had submitted to the same Committee a statistical analysis designed to show that no significant part of the increase of unemployment since 1957 could be attributed to structural changes, and in particular that concentrations of unemployment on particular groups were not out of line with past experience.

After members of the Committee called to Chairman Martin's attention the discrepancy between his testimony and the Council's analysis, which he had not seen, he submitted the second statement, from which Professor Killingsworth quoted. No one disagreed, or disagrees, on the importance of policies against both kinds of unemployment. But there was, and is, disagreement on the extent of "cyclical" unemployment and therefore on the efficacy of demand-increasing policies.

Professor Killingsworth notwithstanding, events have not refuted the Council's 1961 analysis of unemployment. The Council claimed then, and I think claims now, that a sufficiently rapid increase in total private and public spending – GNP – could reduce unemployment to 4 percent of the labor force without encountering serious bottlenecks in particular skills or regions or occupations. In fact, the expansion in GNP has only been enough to keep up with the growth of population and productivity and to reduce unemployment from 7 to 4.6 percent. If you take only 80 percent of the dose the doctor prescribed, you are not entitled to blame the doctor for having no more than 80 percent recovery. The Council was over-optimistic about private spending in our 1962 Report. But it was failure of spending to expand as much as the Council hoped . . . which slowed down the reduction of unemployment. This experience in no way supports the position of Chairman Martin in 1961 or of Professor Killingsworth now that structural causes of unemployment are increasingly important relative to deficiencies in total demand.

James Tobin

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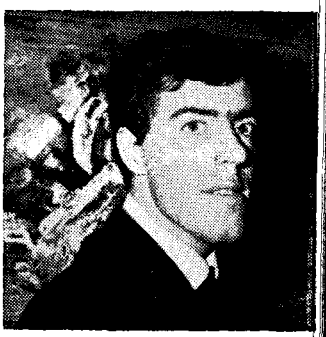

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